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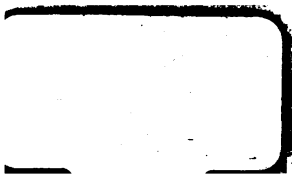
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**A TRAVELLER'S
RAMBLING REMINISCENCES**

**OF THE
SPANISH WAR;**

**WITH A
REFUTATION OF THE CHARGES OF CRUELTY BROUGHT
AGAINST GENERAL EVANS AND THE
BRITISH LEGION;**

**AND
A DEFENCE OF BRITISH POLICY.**

**DEDICATED TO THE
MEMBERS OF BOTH HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.**

BY THE REV. THOMAS FARR,

Late of Trinity College, Cambridge.

LONDON,

J. RIDGWAY & SONS, 169, PICCADILLY.

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P R E F A C E.

I HAVE now, for nearly twenty years, been an almost constant traveller ; and I hope, at the same time, a most conscientious and constant inquirer after truths, moral, religious, and political, whatever countries I may have visited. However interesting these inquiries might be to myself, I never had the vanity to suppose that my " Sayings and Doings " in " High-ways and Bye-ways," in " Court or in Camp," could ever be interesting to the public : for the

simple reason, that hundreds of others must have witnessed the same things, placed in much superior positions, and with much superior acquirements to myself. I, therefore, at the very outset of life, came to the resolution that I never would, with my name, or without my name, give to the world a history of my wanderings—and that I might not be tempted to deviate from that resolution, my constant habit has been, not to keep the smallest date or journal of passing events—not even what is called a Pocket Book.

But when I find that the most reiterated and repeated charges of cruelty have been brought against the British Legion collectively, and General Evans individually, and knowing well that these charges are not

only without foundation, but utterly false, and that, on the contrary, the humanity shewn by himself, his officers, and his men, under the greatest provocation, has been most extraordinary, praiseworthy, and incredible; on reflection, I feel it would be an act of moral cowardice, as well as moral injustice, if I did not overcome my great dislike to writing, and refute falsehood and calumny, having the power to do it; for all at once, I find myself placed in a peculiar situation, which I once thought so improbable as to be impossible;—for instead of hundreds of others in a superior position, with superior acquirements to myself, having seen the same things—large as the world is, and numerous as its inhabitants are, I all

at once become the only and solitary individual who has seen the same things placed under similar circumstances to myself; I mean, a perfectly, I hope, unbiassed and unprejudiced position.

If these pages came from any one holding a post, civil or military, in the Legion—if they came from any of the very clever reporters to the public press, who have been resident at St. Sebastian or elsewhere—if they came from any of the talented officers in Her British Majesty's service—to him belonging to the Legion, the cry would be: “ Oh ! as an officer of the Legion, he could only say what he has done.” To the journalist, it would be said: “ he can only re-echo the view already taken by the

“ paper that pays him.” To Her British Majesty’s officer, it would be said : “ He only “ re-echoes the already avowed opinion of his “ government ;”—and finding, then, myself the only traveller, the only spectator, who has remained with the British Legion more than a few days since its appearance in Spain, and, moreover, the only Englishman, I believe, who, previously to visiting the Legion, had, since its unfortunate revolution began, gone through Spain from one end to the other, from north to south : from Cadiz, by Seville, to Madrid ; from Madrid to Saragossa ; then by Jaca, over the Pyrenees, into France. From the peculiar and solitary situation I am placed in, for the sake of truth and justice, I am compelled to take up my pen and write,

and draw from the stores of my memory, and lay before the public, what shall be, as far as lies in my power, a fair and impartial statement of the Spanish question; and, after much reflection and consideration, having the firm and conscientious conviction—and with the hope and expectation that I can make my readers partake of that conviction,—that the much-abused foreign policy of Lord Palmerston has been most unjustly abused, and that his Spanish policy has been highly English—that is, most honourable to British interests, and equally useful to the interests of Spain.

I do not pretend to conceal from myself—I am fully aware, that, owing to the high state of party feeling that exists on

the subject, at the present moment—I shall draw every species of attack and abuse on myself; but, in shrinking from the task, I should feel myself guilty of an act of moral cowardice; therefore, hesitation would be little less than criminal. The device of my banner shall be,

“ *Magna est Veritas et prævalebit.*”

A TRAVELLER'S

RAMBLING REMINISCENCES.

No one could, as far as first impressions are concerned, come in contact with the British Legion under more unfavourable circumstances than myself. It was on the 16th of March, a day ever unfortunate in its annals, that I landed at St. Sebastian, when the battle was raging and the sound of the firing tremendous. I was fortunate enough, through the assistance of an officer's servant, who had quitted the Legion under a sick certificate, at once to find a room, where I could throw down my small baggage, and, without difficulty, I prevailed on him to act

as my guide in conducting me by the nearest road towards the field of battle. About half a mile from the gates of St. Sebastian, the instant you arrive at the Molino battery, the road is only wide enough for four lancers to charge in front. This narrow space was so completely blocked up with wounded, stragglers and runaways of all kinds and descriptions, who were fleeing from the pursuing enemy, that I found it impossible to get forward in that direction. Under the advice and conduct of my guide, I bent my steps towards the Puyo hill, ascending which, the officer in command very kindly permitting me to enter into the battery, I witnessed, what was certainly a most disorderly retreat. It was not the first I had beheld, for, being at Paris in 1830, during the memorable days in July, I there saw the discomfiture of the royal guard, the artillery, and the cavalry, when they fled from the armed citizens of Paris, making the best of their way to St. Cloud, across the Champs Elysées.

On my road to the Puyo battery, several

wounded of the Legion passed, as well as numerous stragglers and runaways, who appeared to have thrown down their muskets and taken to their heels, when the left wing was turned by the enemy. I generally stopped the runaways and stragglers,—“What is the matter, my lads,” I said to them, “what are you running away for? where is your regiment?” I found them very civil in their answers. One said, “Oh, sir, our rations have not been given out to us; we have had nothing to eat, and we had no more strength left, and many of our poor fellows have fallen down through weakness, and have been *skivered* by the Carlists, and they are killing all our wounded.” Another said, “We are beaten, your honor, for those rascally Spaniards have run away, and sold us again.” Another said, “It is not our fault, for they allowed our left wing to be turned; all I say is, damn such generals.”

I mention these details to shew, that not from one of these poor fellows did I hear the least cry for vengeance, the least fero-

city of language, or any expression or gesture, that was not becoming their situation under the unfortunate circumstances they were placed in.

Since accusations of cruelty and ferocity have been brought against the British Legion, both individually and collectively, it will now be my pleasing task to relate many traits of humanity, shewn both by the officers and men of this much abused and most falsely abused corps. During the morning of the 16th of March, a party of Carlist lancers advanced on the high road; the moment the British lancers saw them, they charged, and made the Carlist colonel prisoner. At much personal risk on their part, they saved his life from the fury of the Chapelgorris, who vowed that nothing should prevent their putting him to death, by taking the precaution to dress him up in British uniform, that he might not be recognised on his road to prison, a step necessary to save him from the fury of his own countrymen; and how did these mercenaries act, as a certain young lord

most unjustly designated them from his place in Parliament?—Why, he had 60*l.* or sixty doubloons about his person, I forget which, not a farthing of it did they touch; it was placed in the hands of General Jaurregui, to give him in small sums, as he might want it, it being unsafe to leave a prisoner with so large a sum, as he might use it to bribe those who were employed to guard him, though Colonel Wakefield, who commanded the lancers, mentioned afterwards, that, had he thought of it, he would have taken the money and divided it amongst the men, as part of their arrears of pay.

On another occasion, during the action of the 16th, a Carlist Chapelchurri fell into the hands of the Legion; at the imminent risk of his own life, Colonel Freestun, aide-camp to General Chichester, saved that of the Carlist. Whenever Colonel Freestun went to visit him, afterwards in hospital, which he continually did, I must say, to the credit of the Carlist, tears of gratitude would flow from his eyes, when he

saw his preserver. It was the wish of the Legion, 'as soon as he was sufficiently recovered, to give him his liberty; but their kind intentions were of no avail; his leg having been badly shattered by a rocket, amputation was necessary, and he sunk gradually after the operation; and yet our brave countrymen have been accused of cruelty. Some months before the action of the 16th of March, parties of the 6th Scotch regiment, *unarmed*, were in the habit of going to an unoccupied house to get pieces of the roof for firing. The house in question laid in a low ravine to the right of our lines, between the advanced picquets of each party,—it was considered as a species of neutral ground. The Carlists having, however, observed the daily practice of these unarmed men, laid an ambuscade, killed one, and took the other five prisoners: they were conducted to Hernani, and some days afterwards butchered in the market-place. It has been most positively stated that the women assisted to put them to death with their scissars; but

I believe the fact is, the women did not run their scissars into their bodies until they were dead.

Now, how did the Scotch regiment revenge themselves on the Carlists the first opportunity that presented itself? During the battle of the 16th, after a brilliant charge, a house was taken by this very regiment, which had been converted into a temporary hospital by the Carlists,—in it were sixteen wounded. Colonel Ross, who commanded the regiment, told me, that although he could not deny that his men had the right to put them to death, yet he was determined to prevent it if possible; but he thought it best, before he interfered, to see what would be the spontaneous conduct of his men. On their first entrance, they appeared to hesitate how to act, the wounded shrieking most piteously for quarter, when he was delighted to hear one of the men exclaim to his comrades, “No, Scotchmen mauna’ kill wounded men:” And what further revenge did they take? (the brother of one of the murdered men being in the room), they

gave them even water to drink out of their canteens. As the widow gave her mite, all they had to give, they gave, not only to their enemies but their murderers, and could they have uttered a language that was understood by those that pardoned them, their request would have been that of the wounded Marmion, "one cup of water" "from the living spring to quench my dying thirst." Now, what was the conduct of the Carlists when the tide of battle turned against the British Legion,—in what way did they show their gratitude on that day and on every future occasion? A house, which had been converted into a temporary hospital by the English, fell into their hands, where about five or six wounded had been left, and they put them all to death; the head quarter case of surgical instruments also falling into their hands, the surgeon very properly leaving it behind, thinking it better to put two wounded men on the mule that ought to have carried it, than leave them to be massacred. During the retreat, some six or seven of our men

were cut off, and they brought them within sight of the retreating columns, stuck them up against a garden wall, and blew their brains out. This fact was related by Mr. Augustus Beaumont, a few hours after it happened: and a talented correspondent of a morning paper, deservedly considered as the most favourable and devoted to the cause of Don Carlos, mentioned that he saw the Carlists overtake a woman who was trying to assist her poor wounded husband, and whilst she was resting a few instants, refreshing at the same time his parched lips with a little water, the Carlists came up, and in cool blood murdered both man and woman. A few days after the action of the 16th, I walked up to the Castle to see the Carlist colonel that had been taken prisoner. I went with Major Cumberlege, of the 1st regiment of lancers, which had taken him. In the course of conversation, it was mentioned how different the conduct of the Legion was to that of the Carlists, how the 6th regiment, although six of their own men had been

entrapped, unarmed, and murdered, yet, instead of revenging themselves, they gave their enemies water to drink. He replied, "It was not their fault, he was very sorry for it, the Carlist officers regretted the practice; but the men were executed at Hernani according to the positive orders sent down by Don Carlos himself."

Large reinforcements having arrived, on the 14th of May, after a slight resistance, the Venta of Hernani was once more in the power of the British Legion, and Hernani itself was taken. I think it was about twelve o'clock in the day when we entered it. The gates were not opened, they were carried by scaling, and a charge by the lancers, wherein the adjutant lost his arm, drove the enemy out; and how did the cruel English Legion revenge itself on the inhabitants of the town, where their countrymen had been so foully murdered? Why, by sparing every life, and hurting no one. And how did the Carlists once more, in less than forty-eight hours, shew their gratitude? On the left of Hernani, a small wooden

bridge crosses the river; the ground was hilly and woody, and was not occupied either by our men or by the Carlists; but, as we had no picquets there, the men were strictly ordered not to cross the bridge. Contrary to these orders, five men of the Rifles and Royal Irish, did wander over unarmed. The Carlists, who had evidently been watching them, rushed out from their place of concealment and captured them, and shortly afterwards brought them up so near our advanced posts, that their shrieks could be plainly heard by their comrades while they were putting them to death; and in forty-eight hours, how did the cruel English Legion revenge itself, for the day of ample and hundred-fold vengeance was, by an Almighty providence, again placed in their hands? On the very next day, on the march to Irun, the town of Oyarzun was taken; and, as it made no resistance, not only was life but property of every kind respected.

I have not yet mentioned the name of General Evans, who, whatever faults and

failings he may have, is not only, for that is well known, one of the bravest men in existence, but one of the most humane. I am now come to that part of my narrative, where, in relating the various acts of humanity displayed by the Legion, his name must be blended. On arriving before Irun, after having bombarded the fort for some hours, to spare an unnecessary effusion of blood, a flag of truce was sent in, to summon it to surrender. The officer commanding the fort wished to capitulate, as he knew resistance was useless, all relief being cut off; but General Soroa, who commanded the town, and was his superior officer, would not allow him: it then was evident that it would be necessary to carry the town and fort in the morning by storm. What did General Evans do? He had the kindness to send in a flag of truce to say, that he did not make war against women, children, and defenceless persons; that he would give orders for the firing at the French gate to cease for an hour, that those who chose to quit the city and seek refuge in France,

before the storming took place, might depart in safety. The distance from the *Porte de France* to the French bourg of Behobia, is about a mile, along a beautiful flat piece of road with a tranquil navigable stream, the Bidassoa, by its side. The inhabitants that chose to quit the town having had sufficient time given them, the order for the attack was issued. The storming parties consisted of the light company of the 1st regiment, the entire regiment of the Rifles and the Royal Irish, these two regiments being about 1500 strong. More cool and determined courage was never displayed; but the important fact, as far as my task is concerned, is their humanity, good nature, and forbearance. After much severe fighting, when the troops arrived before the "*Casa fuerte*," or, fortified house, where the governor and garrison had taken refuge, every other part of the town being in their possession, General Evans, General Chichester, and General Fitzgerald, with their staff and a number of officers, exerted themselves, at the risk of their own lives, to save the

garrison : and here it is necessary to remember, that the town having been summoned and having refused to surrender, though cut off from all relief, not only by the laws of war, but by the common and general practice of war, the garrison is always put to the sword, or if a small number are allowed to escape, they think themselves very fortunate, and treated with mercy. Now, though within the forty-eight hours five unarmed soldiers of the Royal Irish and Rifles had been waylaid and brought under their eyes to be butchered, so that their dying shrieks were still ringing in their comrades' ears, what did these noble fellows do? Almost in an instant they listened to the voices of their generals, of their brave colonels, Fortescue and Cannan, and the rest of the officers ; they took no vengeance for past murders, but at once granted the lives to every one of the garrison. I never saw men treated with more kindness than the prisoners were afterwards : but no mercy was shewn to those inhabitants who, from their houses, fired on

the troops after they had entered the town, the soldiers in an instant rushed into these houses where they had fired from, and put them to death.

A very short time after the town was taken, the fort surrendered at discretion : here again the British Legion in an instant obeyed the voice of their chiefs, and spared every life. General Evans took another most humane precaution, being aware that the Chapelgorris never gave or received quarter, that they put every one to death as every one put them to death ; he had the fore-thought, before the assault took place, to send them to a distance to occupy a hill, under the pretence that two Carlist battalions, who were known to be in the neighbourhood, might, during the confusion of the attack and assault, make a sortie from some woody and mountain height, and try to turn his positions ; and as it is the invariable custom when a town is taken by storm to give it up to plunder, had the Chapelgorris arrived before guards had been put in different houses, the few women who

remained most foolishly in the town, would most likely have been put to death or maltreated. About what and for whom had General Evans taken these humane precautions? About a town and for a garrison commanded by General Soroa, the very general who, at Fuenterrabia, when the English on their first attack were driven back, and when eleven of them were taken prisoners, signed and ordered the execution of these our unfortunate countrymen.

To close the line of operations, it was now requisite to get possession of the very strong town of Fuenterrabia: to spare the unnecessary effusion of blood, General Evans sent in a summons to the town—their reply was a very natural one, “As we put you English to death on all occasions, of course you have put to death the garrison of the town and fort of Irun, and will put us to death likewise; we may as well die fighting, as be butchered in cold blood.” When they were told that not an individual of the garrison or fort had been hurt, although taken by storm, they received the intelligence with

an ironical smile of mockery and incredulity; protestations and assertions were in vain, not a word would they believe; but they said, "If it really be true, we will surrender the town, but we must have ocular demonstration of the fact, before we can credit it;" and ocular demonstration they had, for two of their officers were allowed to ride into Irun, accompanied by Colonel Lezama, where they found the garrison alive and well treated.

Having no idea that any act of kindness could proceed from any other motive, but that of concealed if not avowed fear, they now began to shuffle and hesitate, and try to get out of their contract. To my surprise, an aid-de-camp came galloping to report they could not surrender unless an article should be inserted in the capitulation, that they should be the first prisoners exchanged. I was standing close to General Evans at the time, and he immediately said, addressing himself to Generals Seoane, Jaurregui, Lord John Hay, Colonel Wylde, Generals Chichester and Fitzgerald, and the officers of

the staff, "As the town of Irun was carried
" by storm, by the laws and usages of war
" the garrison have forfeited their lives, and
" therefore I am of opinion, we can grant
" the terms:" and they were accordingly
granted, and which was looked upon as a
final settlement; but the surprise was in-
creased when again an aid-de-camp came
back, bringing a message, "that they would
" not surrender, unless one of their officers,
" accompanied by an English officer, went
" to the head-quarters of Don Carlos, to
" have his consent to the capitulation." This
was evidently carrying the joke too far; the
answer of General Evans was at once prompt
and decisive. "To spare blood, all that one
" soldier can honourably ask or grant to
" another, has been accorded; in five mi-
" nutes, if the capitulation is not brought
" here signed on their parts, and the gates
" of the town opened, the five minutes once
" expired, the fire from our batteries com-
" mences." Nearly four minutes had elapsed,
when General Evans, ever thoughtful of the
safety of others and regardless of his own,

turned round and said, "As the time is
" nearly expired, and you are all standing
" here very much exposed, you had better
" separate to the right and left, for however
" bad shots they are, they could not well
" help hitting some of you, were they to
" open their batteries." We were standing
on an eminence exactly before them, within
point-blank range. To me it was a most
interesting moment. In a few instants the
gates of the town once more opened, and
shortly after the garrison began to file out
and deposit their arms on the glacis. The
6th Scotch regiment, under Colonel Ross,
was now ordered to march into the town
and take possession of it. I walked down
with them, Colonel Ross very kindly al-
lowing me to accompany him ;—when we
were within about an hundred yards of the
prisoners, General Chichester having ordered
Colonel Ross to halt his regiment, the gene-
ral addressed them, saying, "Now, my brave
" fellows, I have a request to make, and
" which request I feel convinced you will
" grant, that you will not cheer, or show any

“ sign of exultation; I am sure you have no wish to triumph over, or hurt the feelings of a fallen enemy.” In Roman or Spartan history a finer trait of real, noble, and chivalrous Feeling does not exist; and this honourable feeling was displayed to a town where eleven of our countrymen, having fallen into their hands as prisoners, had, contrary to the laws of war and nations, been most foully murdered.

I now entered the town with Colonel Ross and the 6th regiment; not a living soul made their appearance. Having seen the regiment drawn up in the Place d’Armes, at the farther end of the town, in about half-an-hour I returned down the main street. Owing to the quiet and correct conduct of the regiment in taking possession, in that short space of time a sort of confidence began to exist, for several women were visible at the windows, and one seeing me descend the street, opened the door of her house, and thinking I looked tired and thirsty, which I really was, offered me a glass of wine, which I received with thanks.

The property of the different officers was also most religiously respected. On my return to the glacis, I found those that had horses to dispose of, selling them and receiving ready money. What odd exchanges take place in time of war! I was very tired, and a friend of mine having made a purchase, I got on its back, and what should I find myself seated on, but the horse that had belonged to the Carlist priest, who was chaplain to the garrison of Fuenterrabia, and had been made prisoner. Delighted at being once more on horseback, I rode it to Irun to sleep; the cause of my being reduced to make the campaign on foot, was, that the horse that I originally came out with from St. Sebastian received a hurt the first day, when Urnieta was taken.

Immediately after the capture of Irun and Fuenterrabia, I inquired of Colonel Shaw, who commanded the artillery, the number of guns and the quantity of ammunition taken, as I was writing to a general who was much interested in the Legion, and had never quitted the Duke of Wellington's side in

any one battle in Spain, nor even at Waterloo. He said, " Tell the general when he
" and I were in Spain together, it took the
" Duke three days to get his army in order
" after Badajoz was taken by assault and
" given up to plunder; now you have seen
" with your own eyes, the day after a town
" has been taken by storm and given up to
" plunder, the men of the British Legion
" perfectly sober and steady, and under the
" completest order and discipline, and ready
" to take another." No language can express the humanity, bravery, and excellent order of this much abused British Legion, although they were under the excitement of having taken a town by storm, and having plundered it the day before.

Nothing is so difficult as to let loose the reins of discipline and all at once draw them tight again; and yet only two hours after the town was taken, the Royal Irish, one of the regiments who had formed the storming party, marched out more than seven hundred strong, drums beating and colours flying, only thirty men being absent when the muster

roll was called over, perfectly sober, and under the most perfect order and control. Could the Duke of Wellington with his army ever do anything of the kind? Hear what Colonel Napier, their gallant historian says, after the glorious assault of Ciudad Rodrigo, in 1813. “The allies now plunged into the streets from all quarters, for O’Toole’s attack was also successful; and at the other side of the town, Pack’s Portuguese meeting no resistance, had entered the place, and the reserves also came in. Then throwing off the restraints of discipline, the troops committed frightful excesses. The town was fired in three or four places, the soldiers menaced their officers, and shot each other—many were killed in the market place, intoxication soon increased the tumult, disorder every where prevailed, and at last the fury rising to an absolute* madness, a fire was wilfully lighted in the middle of the great magazine, when the town and all in it would have been blown to atoms, but for the energetic courage of some officers and a few soldiers who still

“ preserved their senses.” After the fall of Badajoz, Colonel Napier thus narrates the dreadful scene that ensued:—“ Now commenced that wild and desperate wickedness which tarnished the lustre of the soldier’s heroism. All indeed were not alike, for hundreds risked, and many lost, their lives in trying to stop the violence; but the madness generally prevailed, and as the worst of men were leaders here, all the dreadful passions of human nature were displayed. Shameless rapacity, brutal intemperance, savage lust, cruelty and murder, shrieks and piteous lamentations, groans, shouts, imprecations, the hissing of fires bursting from the houses, the crashing of doors and windows, and the reports of muskets used in violence, resounded for two days and nights in the streets of Badajoz! On the third, when the city was sacked, when the soldiers were exhausted by their own excesses, the tumult rather subsided than was quelled. The wounded men were then looked to—the dead disposed of!”

“ Such unfortunately was the conduct of
“ troops,” says the pamphlet on Spanish
policy, “ veterans in comparison to those of
“ the Legion, commanded by experienced
“ officers, and under a system of discipline
“ severer than that of any other army in
“ Europe, but which was inapplicable to
“ the Legion; they, moreover, had no Du-
“ rango decrees rankling in their minds,
“ and no mangled corpses of their comrades
“ had been exposed in insult to their view
“ just before the storming of Badajoz; but
“ at Irun the very same “injudicious officer”
“ alluded to by Lord Carnarvon, commanded
“ the garrison; and how does he, for him-
“ self and for his companions in arms, speak
“ to Don Carlos upon the conduct of the
“ British Legion? He surely cannot be a
“ suspected historian of what took place on
“ that occasion.”

For a proof of the humanity and generosity, as well as the bravery and sobriety of the Legion, I will quote the declaration of the bloody General Soroa himself,

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extracted from the pamphlet I have mentioned, in confirmation of my assertion.

This memorial, addressed by the governor of Irun to Don Carlos, after stating the dispositions taken for the defence of the place, continues ; “ but, notwithstanding the
“ prodigious valour all displayed, the exterior fortifications being demolished, it was
“ impossible to resist the impetus and valour
“ of the English division, which, with fixed
“ bayonets and a tremendous fire, attacked
“ us on the 17th—the few soldiers (for the
“ greater part were already *hors de combat*,)
“ having fallen back with the armed peasants
“ upon the consistorial house, our last point
“ of resistance, we considered our death
“ inevitable, as the assault was to be made
“ by the British Legion. Resolved to perish among the ruins of the edifice, we
“ beheld the battalions advance, the ladders
“ prepared, and ourselves surrounded on
“ every side. The fort, whose artillery
“ might still have protected us, was no
“ longer able to resist the attack, and sur-

“ rendered at the moment when the English,
“ in the market-place, reinforced on every
“ side, passed the fossé, and were about
“ to force the outward gate. In this most
“ critical situation some officers of the Le-
“ gion advanced, and with the greatest
“ generosity offered us quarter. Sire, an
“ offer so unexpected surprised us for a
“ moment; but they pledged their honour,
“ and resistance being madness, we laid
“ down our arms.

“ It would be prolix, Sire, were we to
“ extol, as it would be our duty, the deli-
“ cacy and the regard we received from
“ men, who, on our part, have been treated
“ with the utmost rigour of war, and at a
“ moment, when, in the fulness of our hearts,
“ we see every attention heaped upon our
“ officers and soldiers, we should be wanting
“ to the noblest dictates of gratitude, if we
“ failed to make known this heroic conduct
“ to your Majesty.

“ Sire, your Majesty's troops, although
“ beaten, are not dishonoured, for it is

“ certain, that, in the whole of the war, no
“ fortified place has defended itself with
“ equal valour against such superior forces,
“ our conduct being even qualified as fool-
“ hardy by those to whom we owe our
“ lives.

“ The officers and soldiers, Sire, who are
“ prisoners, are worthy of every consi-
“ deration, and we, as their chiefs, in
“ their name and at their request, earnestly
“ solicit that your Majesty will command
“ the generals of your royal army to treat
“ with all humanity the individuals of the
“ above-mentioned Legion who may fall
“ into their hands—for justice requires it as
“ well as the gratitude of your vassals, your
“ royal and never-failing clemency, and the
“ interests of your Majesty’s service: near
“ seven hundred families of those who com-
“ posed the garrison of this town and
“ Fuenterrabia, would have mourned the
“ death of their fathers, brothers, relatives,
“ and friends—they all live, and live for
“ your Majesty, by the noble generosity of

“ their enemies. May your Majesty listen
“ to the voice of these unfortunate indi-
“ viduals, who have been snatched from
“ the brink of the grave, and benignantly
“ receiving our petitions, may your Majesty
“ grant them.

“ JOSE ANT. SOROA,

“ *Commandant of Arms, and*
“ *commanding the Line of*
“ *the Bidassoa.*”

“ *Irun, 19th May, 1837.*

“ FRANCISCO LARRODE,

“ *Colonel, 1st Commandant.*”

This memorial was voluntarily placed in the hands of General Evans, in order that it might be transmitted to Don Carlos, upon the garrison being marched out of Irun, and gratitude overpowering every other sentiment in the breasts of these most bitter foes, (for Soroa had been the principal executioner of his master's bloody will,) snatched from them a tribute to the valour and generosity of the Legion, at a time when Lord Car-

narvon and his party strain every nerve to degrade that corps in the eyes of their fellow-countrymen, and modelling themselves upon the example of Don Carlos, surpass in cruelty his edict of Durango, for that imposes death alone upon foreigners, while the " Tories seek to brand their own countrymen " with *dishonour*." And how has this noble generosity of conduct once more been repaid at Andoain ? An officer of the lancers has arrived in London since the massacre, and he states, that no less than one hundred and twenty-seven English soldiers and thirteen officers, who were taken in the church, were murdered, except six men who escaped, and got back to St. Sebastian. Though they only capitulated and surrendered on promise of quarter, they were immediately led out of the church, a few at a time, the Carlist soldiers, as they made their appearance, drawing their bayonets and killing all the English, except ten, who were marched the distance of six miles to Tolosa, and kept as a feast or spectacle for the inhabitants. The next day, on arriving there, they were put to death

in the market-place ;—the inhabitants, men and women, dancing over their bodies. The six men who did escape, report that they owed their lives to some of the garrison who had been taken at Fuenterrabia, and since exchanged. Bloody fiends as the Carlists generally are, the very noble, humane, and generous conduct of the English had made an impression even on them. I am glad that all the great kindness the English there gave proofs of, was not entirely without effect. I am most happy to be able to relate the smallest trait of humanity and gratitude amongst a few individuals in the Carlist ranks. I wish they gave me a more frequent opportunity of recounting acts that would not disgrace even fiends and cannibals.

It was now necessary to move to St. Sebastian the seven or eight hundred prisoners made at Irun and Fuenterrabia. The prisoners, when first taken at Fuenterrabia, were put in the church. I saw them most kindly treated, and their different friends and acquaintances were allowed to come and see them, and converse with them, and

bring any little thing they might want. At Irun they were kept in the "*casa fuerte*," and the same privileges allowed. General Evans had the kindness to offer the superior Carlist officers an hospital cart on springs, to ride in, on the line of march home from Irun to St. Sebastian;—and who was one of those officers to whom this act of kindness was shewn? even to General Soroa, who had ordered the execution of the eleven English prisoners. Never does man take so high a position, as when he returns good for evil!

A few words as to the mercenary character of the Legion. I have held conversations on all subjects with a very great number of the officers in the service, and never did I meet with a set of men whose ideas were so little mercenary. Their general wish appeared to be to enter into the *permanent service* of Spain, and receive only Spanish pay. In the middle of March, when I first saw the Legion, there was about twelve months pay due to the officers, and when I left them, the first week in June, there was

of course just fifteen months ; and yet these men, under every abuse of a party press at home, broken promises and bad treatment from the Spanish Government, continued to risk their lives with the greatest cheerfulness and gallantry to the last day : and what made it the more galling to their feelings was, that the favoured troops of the court, the Spanish guards, where the friends and relations of ministers and the court are placed, and who, generally speaking, had been staying at Madrid and doing nothing, were punctually paid, and not a farthing was owing them. In the month of May, at St. Sebastian, an officer of the 1st regiment of the Spanish guards told me, that their quarter due the 1st of March had been paid them, and the quarter payable the 1st of June was consequently not then due. On the day before the Legion made their last and successful attack on Hernani, I met Colonel Fortescue, who said, “ I am now going to General Evans, to tell him that, although we are to take the field to-morrow morning before day-break, I have a great many

“ subaltern officers in my regiment, (and
“ other regiments are in the same position,)
“ who have not sufficient money to get a
“ breakfast with, nor even to buy a pair of
“ shoes before they march against the
“ enemy ; they are distressed at owing small
“ bills in the town, and having no money
“ to pay them with. I therefore shall re-
“ quest General Evans to make my compli-
“ ments to General Espartero, and inform
“ him that, unless some small sum of money
“ be advanced, I will not put myself at the
“ head of my regiment ; and if I do not go
“ out with my men, not an officer of my
“ regiment will move. I am sorry (he said),
“ to put General Evans in an unpleasant
“ position, but my duty compels me.” I
then told Colonel Fortescue how the Spanish
guard had been punctually paid up. In a
very short time I met Colonel Fortescue
again. “ I have seen General Evans,” he
said, “ and, thank God, a small sum of money
“ is to be issued.” I think it was £.10 to
the captains and subalterns, and £.15 to the
field officers.

I regret to say, that, throughout the war, the Spanish Government have never listened to any application, however reasonable, or done any act of justice, unless accompanied by a threat. The gallantest, kindest, bravest, most active, and daring officer that ever did exist, is Colonel Fortescue, an honour and an advantage to an army to possess him, and he, of all men, has been singled out as the object of party abuse and attack. That an equally kind, gallant, and brave officer, like Sir Henry Hardinge, an ornament both to the senate and the field, should have allowed the strength of his party feelings so to blind his judgment, as to be made the dupe of designing persons to give utterance to most unfounded accusations—that a British officer should have been made the vehicle of uttering without a shadow of truth, charges of ferocity and cruelty against brother soldiers—against General Evans, the officers and men of the Legion—against men equally *humane* and brave as himself, will form a sad and disgusting page in British history. But the greatest punishment that can be inflicted on

a mind like that of Sir Henry Hardinge's is, the consciousness of having wrongfully accused the innocent, and having been made the cat's-paw and dupe of others, to gratify personal dislike and party purposes. I left St. Sebastian with the impression that I never saw a set of men more gentlemanly, or less mercenary in their ideas, than the officers of the British Legion, who were members of the Garrison Club there. They were very good specimens of the age we belong to. The old habits of swearing and drinking, which were supposed to form part of a camp, were utterly exploded, and their conduct in every way equal to officers of a British army when on foreign stations. It is true there were some "incomprehensible" "vagabonds" amongst the officers of the British Legion, and I will tell you, sooner or later who they were: and several who did not do much credit to the Legion, had been got rid of in one way or another, and sent home before I saw them. They were in the language of the Legion called "Q. H. B's," that is, Queen's hard bargains, good for

nothing. You may ask me, by what comparisons, and on what models I have formed my judgment? I will tell you :—I passed about a month at Malta in 1835. Colonel Considine was kind enough to give me a general invitation to dine with his regiment when I pleased. I dined likewise with the 5th and the 60th regiments. I dined also several times with the Governor, Sir Frederick Ponsonby. I passed a great deal of my time at the garrison club, which threw me into constant contact with the officers. The British Legion had no regular regimental mess at St. Sebastian, but I had a general invitation from General Evans to dine at his table every day. We were in the habit of sitting down from ten to eighteen persons ; the general, his aides-de-camp, and myself ; the rest were persons invited, such as the different Spanish generals, and their aides-de-camp, the officers of Her British Majesty's navy, and the field officers of the Legion, &c. There was also a garrison club, where you found the French and English papers, reviews, and periodicals, the same

as at Malta, which threw you continually into the society of the officers. I saw them under much excitement at the very time of their defeat, and nothing could be more correct than their conduct, or more gentlemanly; though a party press has nick-named them with every species of low lived epithet. I mention these things, to shew what means I had of forming a comparative judgment, for without this, my testimony would be of little value.

Having, I should hope, proved to every unprejudiced mind that the officers of the British Legion were brave, humane, and honourable men, and that their general conduct was that becoming soldiers and gentlemen, the patience of the reader must be trespassed on, and his views carried backwards, to what may be considered rather a remote period. Mere assertions are worth nothing, and before opinions can be of any weight, it must be shown what means

existed of judging, what inspection of facts, what ocular demonstration, what progress of reason, formed those opinions, always bearing in mind the Arabian proverb, as translated by a French writer, "*qu'il n'y a pas de connaissance plus exacte que celle des yeux.*" I will therefore now commence, as far as lies in my power, an impartial and fair history of various details connected with the Spanish question. I have conversed much with, and have known many of, the illustrious Spanish exiles, who were banished by Ferdinand for their liberal opinions. Often have we talked together on the prospects of their country.

Taking an interest in the question, I determined to go and visit Spain. In 1834 the civil war was merely confined to the north of Spain. To become better acquainted with the whole country, I traversed it from south to north, from Cadiz to Madrid, to Saragossa through the Pyrenees into France. It was in 1834 that Don Carlos quitted England, and threw himself into the Biscayan provinces. At that time, after

patient inquiry, I had come to the belief, that the mountain party of Don Carlos was much stronger than was generally supposed. I was completely confirmed in that idea, when told that it was the opinion of Colonel Wylde, who in the autumn of 1834 passed a day or two in Paris, where I was, on his way to Spain to act as representative of the British government: it was stated, that he was convinced that Don Carlos was much stronger than he was generally believed to be, stronger even than he himself believed him, and that nothing but foreign intervention would ultimately put him down. Having the pleasure of being introduced to Colonel Wylde at General Evans's in 1837, at St. Sebastian, I complimented him on the fulfilment of his prophecy, uttered so long back as 1834, and how accurately, too accurately, has it been fulfilled. General Alava, before his return from exile in 1833, even at that early period of the civil war, when the Carlist party was generally despised, took a correct and statesmanlike view of the question. He did not see that facility

of putting down Don Carlos and his Biscayan party. I remember well his expressions when I asked his opinion, and they have since made a deep impression on me. Often have I thought of them, and how truly have his ideas and meaning been fulfilled, when he replied, "*La Biscaye, c'est la Vendée de l'Espagne.*" My wish is to do justice to all parties. Certain leaders of the Tories have been accused of being privy to the departure of Don Carlos from England; now they were not privy to it. My information comes from one who was with Don Miguel in Portugal, and held the highest command possible under him, not communicating with his ministers, but receiving his orders only from Don Miguel himself, and who saw Don Carlos every day when in England. My informant is of a noble English family, and a person of the highest veracity. He called on Don Carlos the day of his departure, and the answer was, that *His Majesty* was so ill that he could not see him, nor could *Her Majesty* the Queen, as she did not quit the bedside of her hus-

band. Neither himself nor any of his English political friends were made acquainted with his intentions of departure.

On my road to Spain, in 1834, I was detained near a month at Marseilles, in the hopes of getting a passage in a sailing vessel, as far as Cadiz or Gibraltar, the distance being about seven hundred miles; but it was at last discovered, that no vessel would make the engagement to set me down *en passant*. On Christmas eve, 1834, I arrived at Nice, and on Christmas day all communication was cut off with the French frontier, the official intelligence having arrived, that the cholera had declared itself at Marseilles. The Duchess de Berri's old steamer, that had now changed its name to the Carlo Alberto, which arrived there from Marseilles, and in which it was my intention to embark the following morning for Naples, had one month's quarantine given to her. I was thus detained a month at Nice and Genoa, before a steamer going to Naples could be found with a clean bill of health. I was again de-

tained twelve days at Naples before another steamer could be met with to convey me to Malta, stopping a day or two at Palermo, Messina, and Syracuse. The Government packet did not arrive from Corfu until three weeks after I disembarked at Malta, so that I was not landed at Cadiz, having stopped sixty hours to cool our boilers at Gibraltar, until the middle of Lent, 1835. Nothing ever struck me more forcibly as a traveller, than the beautiful situation of Algiers; and the coast of Africa was cultivated with a care, and different spots of land fenced off with a neatness, not to be expected from the wandering nature of the Arab tribes. I mention visiting these places, and the very circuitous route I was under the necessity of taking, because it gave me the opportunity to procure much information, which prepared me for what I was to see in Spain, and enabled me the better to judge the value of appearances; a thing rather difficult, when a country is labouring under the excitement of a civil war; and such a civil war, where every one who fell into the hands of the

opposite party was put to death, and that death generally accompanied with torture and cruelty. During the period of my stay at Nice, I became acquainted with a captain of French cavalry, who related an anecdote of the Spanish character, which I have so often seen exemplified since. They will on the field of battle seek every kind of protection to their person, when in action, getting behind trees, stones, mounds of earth, anything, a straw rather than nothing; but when death is inevitable, or at least they consider it so, the passive quietude with which they await it, is most extraordinary. The regiment of the officer in question was stationed on the frontiers, and he was travelling on leave of absence; a few days before he quitted it, some ten or twelve Carlists crossed the frontier, and, according to the invariable practice of the French Government, they were disarmed, and put in prison for the night. On the following morning, being on duty, he went with some of his men to visit them; the moment he entered, they threw themselves

on their knees, and with much quietness, but earnestness, began saying, in rather a low voice, some prayers to themselves, making very rapid signs of the cross. He asked them what they were doing it for? They said, "since we are taken in crossing the frontier, we know we are to die; leave us alone, give us a few minutes to say our prayers; it is all we ask." He assured them he was only come to bring them their breakfast, and they had better get up and eat it; they then abused him for the cruelty of interrupting them in their prayers, and of adding mockery to insult in their last hours. In the end, he did make them understand, that Carlists taken in crossing the frontiers were disarmed and marched into the interior, and not only was their life in no danger, but that they would be well treated. They were neither, he said, elated or depressed; they neither shewed grief nor joy, gratitude nor astonishment; it appeared to them almost a matter of perfect indifference.

My stay at Seville, during the ceremonies

of the Holy week, when the different natives flock from all parts to witness them, gave a most favourable opportunity for studying the Andalusian physiognomy, the brightness of the eye, and the almost superhuman conformation of the foot: but as these things have been seen and described by hundreds of others, it is my intention to continue to pass over in silence, on all occasions, what has formed a theme for every previous traveller.

An English morning paper has lately published a long letter, prognosticating the fall of the Queen's Government, owing to the unsafe state of the roads in the south of Spain,—certainly rather a curious reason to give; why, it was so in 1820, 1834, and in all probability will be so in 1850. I put it to a very practical proof, for the best judges of these things must be the natives themselves. Having come round by Italy and Malta, I had with me a gold watch and chain, and one or two small trifles that I could not well leave behind, and thinking it was so ridiculous to be

robbed of these things—in fact, so foolish to be travelling with them in a country like Spain,—I tried to insure them: whether I took them with me, or whether the insurers sent them to Madrid by any conveyance they thought the most sure, was to me a matter of perfect indifference; inquiries how it was to be done were made at the consul's. Now, the insurances, from Seville to London, over the Bay of Biscay, through the dangers of the sea, had they been sent to England by water, was one and a half per cent.; and the insurance asked to guarantee their safe arrival merely from Seville to Madrid, was twenty-five per cent., which of course was not paid, but I took them with me. The calculation was probably a fair one; for, when it was necessary to go for my passport to the police office, upon asking if the roads were tolerably safe, the answer they gave me, to prove that they were what they considered safe, was, that “the diligence had then made six journeys, without being attacked.”

Thanks to the Duke of Wellington, and his

honourable conduct, I arrived safe at Madrid—for there were on the road, constant patrols of cavalry and infantry, and which I knew was not the ordinary custom. We at last overtook a good many waggons, with a strong escort of troops, and the cause of their appearance was, that the Tories, though in power, had not ceased to execute the Quadruple treaty, for the Duke of Wellington had sent a supply of arms, which had been landed at Malaga, and were then on the road to Madrid. The unaccustomed patrols of troops that were scouring the roads, therefore rendering them perfectly safe,—was to prevent any Carlist bands who might have got notice of their passage, making a rush from the mountains, and cutting them off. Not only the Spanish Government, but the Spanish nation, are well aware of the noble and straightforward conduct of the Duke of Wellington, when in power, in execution of the Quadruple treaty. A Spanish nobleman, who has been employed in the Foreign office at Madrid, has often spoke to me of his conduct, in terms of the highest admiration.

The supplies the Queen's Government received, during the time the Tories were in power, were proportionally greater than what they ever received from the Whigs. It was on the 1st of May, 1835, that I arrived at Madrid. One thing should be mentioned that does not relate to the political state of Spain, and the knowledge of which may tempt future travellers to visit it—some few years ago, all the best pictures were brought together from the different palaces, and beautifully arranged in a National Gallery, called the "*Museo*," built for that purpose; in 1835, a catalogue had not been made out of the German and Flemish schools. I have seen every National Gallery of any reputation in Europe, and it is far superior to any that exists. As there is now a constant line of steamers from Marseilles to Barcelona and Valencia, and Valencia is only one hundred and fifty miles from Madrid, whenever the high road is tolerably safe, it will be a very easy journey to perform. A friend of mine, who filled with great ability the post of foreign

editor to a leading morning journal, kindly gave me a letter to their correspondent at Madrid.—I likewise soon after became acquainted with Mr. Honan, the well-known author of the Court and Camp of Don Carlos. The Englishmen attached to the periodical press, are not only men of great research and information, but are most extremely obliging, in imparting the fruits of their inquiries, and enlightening the ignorance of others. I likewise met one of my countrymen, who had been much in Spain, and he was acquainted with a Barcelona lawyer, who was a sort of agent to Munoz, the Queen's favourite, who procured certain places, always of course upon "a consideration;"—so in a very few days it was impossible not to discover that the Spain and Madrid of Gil Blas, was the Spain and Madrid of 1835; and so it is in 1837, and so it is likely to continue. Almost the first thing I heard, was, "You are acquainted with an ambassador at a certain court—do you know that General ***** is intriguing day and night to get his

“ place?” I very soon afterwards saw the person in question in another country. I said to him, “ You will laugh at me for “ telling you news from Madrid about “ yourself; are you aware that so and “ so is intriguing for your embassy?” He answered me very quietly, “ I know he is, “ but he won’t get it.” I related the anecdote at General Evans’s table one day after dinner, and one of his Spanish aid-de-camps, on hearing it, said, “ That is capital, “ for General ***** told me that the “ place had been offered to him, and he “ refused it!!!” Some few days after my arrival, when dining at Sir George Villiers’s, our minister at the court of Madrid, I was introduced to Monsieur le **** of Prussia, Monsieur le **** of Sardinia;—not quite understanding the word, I said to a friend of mine there, “ What are these people of “ Prussia and Sardinia, and the other pow- “ ers, who have not recognised the Queen’s “ Government, what are they?”—“ If I really “ were to tell you what they are,” was his reply, “ I should say that they are the spies

“ of Prussia, Sardinia, and the other coun-
“ tries—very useful spies to have in an
“ enemy’s camp. In court etiquette it is
“ arranged thus : a revolution, such as has
“ happened in Spain arises ; Prussia or any
“ other power does not recognise the new
“ Government ; their ambassadors or minis-
“ ters receive their passports, and quit the
“ country, and all what is called *diplomatic*
“ intercourse ceases. But much the same
“ sort of thing is carried on under another
“ name : though the ambassadors depart,
“ they leave behind them the secretary, or
“ the person whom they think the cleverest
“ of the *attachés*, and they lose their diplo-
“ matic position and titles, and become
“ ‘ *Monsieur l’Agent de Prusse*,’ or any
“ other power, and they are supposed to be
“ merely the agents of their respective coun-
“ tries, to treat about the recognition of the
“ new Government by their own courts, and
“ to arrange the terms. But they are really
“ clever spies in the enemy’s camps, and the
“ sooner they are gone for this Government
“ the better, for they have no idea of recog-

“ nising it.” Since that period, the Queen’s ministers have very properly sent away these half diplomatic amphibious agent-spies, who, after two or three years’ consideration—quite sufficient time—rather too long,—for their courts had really no intention of recognising the Queen’s Government, but were very glad to have the opportunity of continuing a sort of legalised *espionage* on the spot. One thing, as an Englishman, gave me great pleasure, it was the universal opinion of the rising abilities and correct conduct of Sir George Villiers, placed as a young diplomatist in very difficult circumstances. I was in the habit of meeting a nephew of General Quesada’s, who was afterwards appointed governor of a town, and who, poor fellow, like his uncle, was assassinated, and fell a victim to popular tumult. His description of the movements at Madrid were not very flattering: he used to say, “ Sir, if you have any thing to do with a great man in this country, unless you are the *protégé* of Munoz, or some such person, it is necessary

“ to have two pistols in your pocket, how-
“ ever just your claims are ; one to shew the
“ great man’s porter to get up his staircase,
“ and another to shew the great man
“ himself, before you will be listened to.”
I should think General O’Connell is now of
the same opinion, if the newspapers give a
correct account of the treatment he met
with, when he went to Madrid, to demand
the settlement of some of the arrears due
to the British Legion.

The Queen’s Government has never recovered the fatal blow it received by employing General Cordova. Public opinion is, and was so much against him, that it at once cast a doubt over the real feelings and intentions of the Queen and her Government. What was the universal language held by the leading liberals at Madrid in May, 1835? They said, “All that we know is, when liberal principles were punished with death,
“ and we have been on one side of the
“ street at Madrid, fighting for liberty and
“ a constitution, who have we always
“ found on the other side, fighting against

“ us for despotism and Ferdinand ? Why,
“ General Cordova. And where have we,
“ only the other day, seen General Cordova ?
“ Why, accredited as ambassador to Don
“ Miguel. That was his proper place, along
“ with the banner of Don Miguel and
“ despotism—employing his talents against
“ Don Pedro and liberty. The first thing
“ necessary in a revolutionary war is, that
“ we have confidence in the honesty and
“ principles of our leaders, both civil and
“ military ; and what confidence can we
“ liberals have in him ?” It is my wish,
as I have before said, to do justice to all
parties ; and I must declare that my belief
is, that Cordova was falsely accused of being
a traitor to the Queen, although he might,
as a general, wish to trust too much to
diplomacy : but I do believe, and have reason
to know, that he hated and detested the
English Legion, and did try to render it
unserviceable, and bring it into difficulties.
But a Spaniard, in whose opinion I have
unbounded confidence, and who has filled
the highest offices with the greatest honour

to himself, said, in the month of June, when talking with him on Spanish affairs, “ I “ know what you English are,—when you “ once get a thing in your head, it is im- “ possible to make you think otherwise ; “ but, believe me, and I ought to know “ something about it, Cordova was no “ traitor, when he commanded the army.” All this may be true, and more than true ; yet, as he was looked upon with suspicion, and more than suspicion, by all real liberals in Spain, it was a very false step to employ him once ;—and if he be employed again,—it will be destruction to the Queen’s cause, although he has managed to get himself into the good graces and confidence of Louis Philippe and his non-executing ministries of the Quadruple alliance.

A leading and most talented member of the ultra-liberal party of the Cortes, whom I had known in exile, was in the habit of describing the Queen’s Government, by saying, “ This government is worse than the “ government of Calomarde.” On asking him, in 1835, “ Why, how is it that the Carlists

“ always lick you?”—for they had just given them that famous thrashing in the Amascoas—“ And so they must,” was his reply ; “ for one regiment of Don Carlos not only “ is, but ought to be, worth three of ours ; “ they have at least a *drapeau*—they know “ exactly what they are fighting for, they “ fight for what they feel, they value, and understand ;—a Carlist knows what he wants, “ and what he will obtain, and what line of “ government will be followed, if his party “ be victorious. Everybody,” he said, “ has “ heard of his absolute Majesty, and of “ his constitutional Majesty ; but whoever “ heard of his or her Majesty of an ‘ Esta- “ ‘ tuto real ?’ What defined kind of govern- “ ment is this royal statute to produce ? “ What does it mean ? and how can you “ expect our soldiers to fight for it ? And “ the regiments of the Guards, that should “ be fighting to put down Don Carlos, are “ kept here in Madrid, to bayonet down “ public opinion. Wait,” he said, “ a “ short time, to see the popularity of this “ system, this *juste milieu* royal statute sys-

“tem of Martinez de la Rosa.” He was right; for in a very few days after the attempt was made to assassinate the prime minister; as he was coming out of the Cortes a rush was made at him by some of the Nationals, but he managed to get into his carriage, and his coachman saved his life by driving him very rapidly to his house in the Alcala, the Regent-street of Madrid. But still one National Guard had the cunning to lay hold of his carriage. When the minister entered his house, the porter allowed the national to follow him, as, being in uniform, he naturally thought he came to protect his master. The escape was so narrow, that the blow made at him, when he got into his apartment, struck the post of the entrance door as he shut it, and left a most visible mark, which many people went to see. To keep up the humbug, and make it appear that it was the act of a few individuals, and that it was not the general feeling of the armed citizens of Madrid, about one hundred and fifty of the National Guard were stationed opposite the house, as if to protect

Martinez de la Rosa, but they took good care to put three hundred of the Royal Guard on the opposite side of the street, close to the entrance-door, to overawe the National Guards on the other side.

In the evening, at dusk, I was walking down the Alcala—the Government had thought it safer to keep only the Royal Guard on duty during the night, for though to cry out “*Viva la constitucion*,” (meaning that of 1812,) was then punished with death, the National Guards had already shewn their real feelings by uttering it at various times while they were on duty. I arrived just as they were dismissed, and, instead of retiring to their homes, they formed in groups and cried, “*Viva la constitucion, mueran los pasteleros*,” which meant death to the humbugs, though the literal signification of pastelero is pastry-cook. It was then a term of dislike and reproach applied to the Martinez de la Rosa ministry.

It has already been mentioned, that the Alcala was the Regent-street of Madrid. In such a quarter, I was a little surprised at

seeing some well-dressed women, of most respectable appearance, come up to the group of Nationals, by the side of which I was standing, and, patting one of them on the back, exclaim, "Why, we are only women, " and you are men; if you have not the " courage to do it, we will put ourselves at " your head—we will enter the house—and " we will tear the tongues of these 'paste-
" ' leros' out of their mouths, and tread on " them in the streets*." The three floors of the house, it appears, were inhabited by Martinez de la Rosa; by the then minister of the interior; and by General Cordova, who had come from the army with the despatches of the affair of the Amascoas. Now this was no idle threat; I mean the spirit was willing. It was close to the Café Nuevo, the new, large, and much-frequented café in the Alcala; and

* "The inhabitants of Villa Franca, however, appeared to have no such feelings, and were with difficulty prevented from massacring the prisoners. The women, as I have generally observed, were in these cases the most violent."—*Henningsen's Campaign with Zumalacarregui*, Vol. I., p. 282.

a short time after, when General Quesada fell under the displeasure of the same persons, they not only assassinated him, but they did cut off his nose and ears, and nailed them up in this *café*. On a future occasion, having murdered the prisoners in the castle at Barcelona, the cannibals ate part of their flesh in the great square.

Great offence was taken at Madrid, when Lord Palmerston, from his place in parliament, said, "The Spaniards were naturally a sanguinary and blood-thirsty nation." Experience has told me that it is too true. On asking a liberal member of the Cortes how all this would finish? "Why," his reply was, "there are seven thousand National Guards—there are now, in 1837, eleven thousand at Madrid; there is the majority of the whole country in favour of the constitution. Proclaim but the constitution, then we shall have a '*drapeau*' as well as the Carlists. The regiments of the Guards that are now here can be combating against Don Carlos.—Well, it must

“ come sooner or later ; in a twelvemonth
“ most likely !”

If I remember right, the constitution was proclaimed in about eighteen months afterwards. The guards were sent away to fight Don Carlos when it was too late, and he was allowed to grow stronger and stronger. At Madrid they have never done anything at the right time or place, and that strength and science of all governments, “ *l'esprit d'apropos*” which the Talleyrand school so much excel in, is quite unknown to them. I learnt at Madrid, from an authority that I knew was official, that nothing was so easy as to have crushed Don Carlos in the beginning ; but that, from ignorance, jealousy, imbecility, or something worse, they would do nothing to finish the war, but would content themselves with discussing abstract questions of political reform. Don Carlos, my informant told me, quitted England, and entered Spain under the promise and assurance from his friends, that not only the mountain districts, for that he well knew, but that

many cities would declare in his favour; and Don Carlos had, in May 1835, written letters, expressing his dissatisfaction at finding that not a single town had declared in his favour since his return, nor has a single town ever made the slightest declaration in favour of him. In fact, the war is now what it was then, and what it will continue to be for ten, most likely for twenty years—a war of the villages, mountaineers, and the peasants of one or two small districts against the towns of Spain,—that is to say, bigotry, ignorance, and self-interest,—a few individuals fighting for their “*fueros*,” against the nobility, gentry, landed proprietors, wealth, commerce, industry, education, and intelligence of Spain, and against five-sixths of the inhabitants of the country.

In the latter end of May 1835, the Queen came to the sudden determination of closing the session of the Cortes. Knowing she must return to her palace, after the ceremony, by the *puerta del Sol*, which in London would represent the position of Charing Cross, on the closing of a British

parliament, I determined to place myself there, as the spot where the greatest number of people would be gathered together, that I might the better judge the state of public opinion, having always understood that the Spaniards were very liberal of their cheers and vivas, if the sovereign be in the least popular: but on this occasion there was not a cheer of any kind; the National Guards allowing her to pass in sullen, discontented, frowning silence, so very unpopular was the Queen Regent with the National Guard in May 1835. In fact, the Queen has so given herself up to lasciviousness and intrigue of every kind, that she is not respected. I may say, that I never, in any part of Spain, met with a partisan of the Queen's, though five-sixths of Spain are in favour of the Queen's Government, in contradistinction to that of Don Carlos; they are merely willing to make use of her as a means to effect an end, and that end is a very simple one. If the Queen Regent, in the name of her daughter, is willing to cause to be fulfilled,

and put into the form of a charter or fundamental law, the promises made by the father of Isabella, well and good. "I swear
" to you," says Ferdinand, in his proclamation, addressed to the Spanish nation, May 4, 1814, "and I promise you, that
" your noble hopes shall not be frustrated. I feel deeply the misfortunes you
" have undergone. I hate—I detest despotism. For the future, individual and
" personal liberty shall be inviolably guaranteed to you; every citizen, moreover,
" shall enjoy the just right to communicate, through the press, his ideas and thoughts;
" every suspicion of the wasteful expenditure of the revenues of the State shall
" immediately cease, by the separation of the purse of the Crown from the revenues of the different branches of the
" State; and the laws shall, for the future, be made with the consent of the Cortes."

While that most consummate, perjured wretch and hypocrite, was writing these lines, ere the very ink was dry, he was secretly giving orders to surprise the dif-

ferent liberal deputies: he put some in prison, and exiled others. But the Spanish nation has not forgotten these promises; and, having now the means within their reach, they are determined to have them fulfilled by whoever is at the head of the State. If by the daughter of Ferdinand, so much the better. If not by her, they will find some one else, for they will not return again under the monkish despotism of Don Carlos.

In June 1835, I quitted Madrid, taking the road by Saragossa, Jaca, Urdos, to Paris and London. The French government was then giving every secret and almost open aid to Don Carlos; yet, the newspapers at Madrid then stated, that they were going to intervene, and send an army to put him down. Urdos is the frontier village of France, at the foot of the Pyrenees: I breakfasted there. You will naturally suppose that my passport was asked for—not at all. I slept at Oleron, a distance of eighteen miles on the high road from Pau to Bayonne. I slept at Pau; I passed two days at Bour-

deaux ; a day or two at Tours, and then on to Paris ; and not only was the demand never made to *viser* my passport, but at no one place on the road, not even in the frontier towns, such as Urdos or Pau, was my passport once asked for.

The sons of Don Carlos might have followed their father in a coach and four, and crossed the frontier, without any molestation or obstacle on the part of the French Government. The duplicity of France disgusted me much. As soon as I arrived in London, I made a visit. I related the history of my passport—how perfectly open to the Carlists the frontier was in every way. The answer was, “If you had time “to open that box, you would see by “those papers, I know every thing you “tell me, and a great deal more ; all we “fear is the treachery of that government.” I then said, “I do not know what official “report you have received of the events “at Madrid, when the attempt was made “to assassinate Martinez de la Rosa.” Having related what I have already written

on the subject, "You must now," I continued, "of course prepare your line of policy, with the certainty that the Constitution will be proclaimed at Madrid; see of what advanced political opinions (the word used was '*exaltados*') the National Guard are; in a twelvemonth the Constitution will be proclaimed at Madrid." The answer was, "I allow, the National Guards of Madrid are the *exaltados* you describe them; but they are a parcel of tailors and cowards, and can be disarmed at any time. The Royal Guard can be depended on, and that is sufficient."

The few days I remained in London, I had several more conversations with the same person, and I evidently saw that the English and Spanish government were deceiving themselves: coming events had, with sufficient plainness it would be thought, cast their shadows before them;—they were aware of the same facts as myself, but they had drawn different deductions from them. I likewise saw my friend, the foreign editor:

“ Do tell me,” he said, “ something about Spain. Why, there appears a conspiracy amongst the correspondents of every paper to keep us in the dark, and not give us any opinion as to what is likely to happen.”—“ I will tell you why,” I replied; “ the universal observation at Madrid is, ‘ Oh ! these Spaniards are the ‘ most extraordinary people in the world ; ‘ when you feel sure that one thing is ‘ going to happen, another arrives, and ‘ they always finish by doing just the contrary to what you expected. The day ‘ your prophecy arrives, and is published ‘ in England, some telegraphic news appears which utterly ruins it.’ ”—“ Well, be the cause what it may,” he said, “ we journalists are in entire ignorance about what is really going on in Spain ; and, from what I can learn, the Government are not much better informed.” In the course of conversation, I mentioned that Spain not only had, but has the character of being a most monk-ridden, priest-ridden country ; now so perfectly is it changed, that not

only the men, but women of that age, whom Madame de Sévigné describes, according to the fashion of her time, as ladies "*qui ne*
"*mettent plus de rogue, et se donnent à*
"*Dieu.*" When they saw a monk, they would point at him, and, with an exclamation of hatred and contempt, would shriek out, "*un fraile.*" But a still more extraordinary change has taken place. A few years before, the Prado, the public walk at Madrid, was very much frequented by the regular clergy, as I was told; but, during the weeks I stayed there, I never saw a priest, a monk, or one of the regular clergy, on any promenade. Having given this information, and being asked to explain the cause of this great, very great change, "What I have seen," I replied, "I have told you;—the question decidedly
"puzzles me, but nearly the same thing
"has happened in other countries, and
"will happen again. The Spanish character resembles a good deal that of
"Catiline, '*alieni appetens, sui profusus.*'
"The Church being very rich, and its

“ wealth not being applied to Church purposes, that is to say, in the way most beneficial to religion, the Church itself becomes unpopular, and greedy people, not very honest perhaps, take advantage of its weakened position, and seek to despoil it of its wealth. It was the well-paid, over-paid non-resident sinecure abbé, in the French church, that hastened the destruction of its temporal possessions more than anything else. In England, the same thing will arrive, if the day of Church reform be put off too long; Church property not being applied to Church purposes, that is, in a way most beneficial to religion, the greedy and dishonest, he that is ‘*alieni appetens*,’ will avail himself of the unpopularity of the Church, and despoil it of its possessions.”

But to return to Spanish affairs: the ignorance that existed in London, in July 1835, on what was going on in Spain, amongst the persons generally the best informed, the conductors of the daily press, was avowed by them all. I was not a

little surprised to hear it stated that General Evans, whom I had not the honour of knowing until my arrival at St. Sebastian, had declared to his friends, and the Government were said to be of the same opinion, that he should be able to return to England early in the spring of 1836, and take his seat in parliament, after having discomfited his opponents, and opened the communication with France, by Irun and Hernani to Tolosa and Vittoria; and that the appearance of 10,000 English red coats would be sufficient to strike terror into the Carlists. Strike terror into the Carlists, indeed! There are no braver troops in the world than these Carlists, officers and men; and I am sure there are none so active; but that I shall hereafter have to enter into different details of. Their conduct would have been the admiration of the world, had they blended humanity with their courage; but they have on all occasions shewn the worst species of cruelty; a species of useless, mischievous, monkey-hyæna ferocity.

During the whole of this Spanish war,

whatever has been positively asserted by one party, has met with as equally a positive contradiction from the other. A Whig member will get up from his place in parliament, and assure the country of the speedy expulsion of the wandering fugitive, Don Carlos, from Spain, and the destruction of his armed banditti. A member on the opposite side of the House will announce, with equal confidence, the approaching triumph of his cause, and his speedy instalment at Madrid. Both parties may mutually congratulate themselves on being equally right and equally wrong in their prophecies;—*l'homme propose, et Dieu dispose*;—for not the least permanent change has taken place in the war from the day the English Legion started. Don Carlos continues, as wandering king of the mountains, to surprise and overrun different districts of Spain; but if he gets into a large town or city, he cannot hold it for a week. The Queen's position is scarcely altered. She cannot increase her occupation in the mountainous, disaffected dis-

trict. If she has permanently occupied Irun, Fuenterrabia, and Hernani, because it is defended by English artillery, she has lost the most important strong position of Cantavieja, which is likely to remain Don Carlos's head quarters.

The accounts of the different officers who returned from the Legion, and which were immediately and most widely circulated by their different friends, and which formed the great subject of general conversation at the moment, both at Paris and in London, were equally contradictory. There were officers who were on leave of absence, or coming home with dispatches and going back again ; there were officers who left the service in disgust, with the idea that they had not been treated according to the admeasurement of their own merits ; there were officers who quitted it, because they did not like the hard work, finding the Carlists would not be frightened at the sight of their red coats ; they could not, like Cæsar, write home, *veni, vidi, vici** ;

* “ I believe the secret was, that many of the Legion officers had never calculated on suffering so much cold

there were officers who were really old half-pay lieutenants, but called themselves captains, at different watering places; and add to those, old captains, who were tired of being captains, and merely went out to get dubbed colonels, and pick up one of the diffusely distributed Spanish orders*, and hasten back to display them at a large Paris *table d'hôte*, or on the thickly thronged *boulevard*, or in the crowded dancing assemblies of a French watering place.

Their statements were utterly different, and the accounts of the Tory and Whig press were as opposite as light and darkness. Every man gave a different colour to events, to make good his own position and history, and account for his having quitted a regi-

and hunger; and several are anxious to make a row and abuse every thing, so they may have some plausible excuse for resigning."—Vide *General Shaw's Memoirs*.

* "There have been about forty decorations given for that affair of the 16th and 17th of January. I dare not tell you what a paltry affair it was,—really, no man at Oporto would have called it a fight."—Vide *General Shaw's Memoirs*.

ment on active service while in front of the enemy. There were circulating in London and Paris, no less than two hundred and seven different tales, not including those of surgeons or commissaries, nor those who had been *dismissed* the service; for the *resignations* alone, according to General Shaw's account, amounted to two hundred and seven. "Exclusive of officers," he says, "who have been killed, died, or dismissed, there have been, between the date of this letter, 10th of August, 1835, and the 1st of January, 1837, of resignations alone, five brigadier-generals, seven colonels, fourteen lieutenant-colonels, eighteen majors, sixty-five captains, fifty-five lieutenants, forty-three ensigns, one staff surgeon, one surgeon, fourteen assistant surgeons, and five paymasters."

I felt an interest in those, who through bad report and good report had stuck to their gallant general, and determined to arrive at truth by visiting them myself, and trusting to my own eyes and ears: and a braver and more gentlemanly set of officers than those I

became acquainted with at St. Sebastian do not exist. Brave men always value and esteem bravery in others;—often have I heard them say, in their garrison club-room, “What brave fellows those Carlists are; I believe they are the best light troops in the world; what a pity it is that they commit such determined and useless acts of barbarity.” One of the most intelligent officers has frequently said to me, “If these Carlists had not been so cruel, I should have regretted, that I ever came against them, they are such gallant fellows; save and except their acts of wanton cruelty, I have never seen them do any thing they ought not to do; they always conduct themselves as soldiers should; with slender means they avail themselves of every chance; and we, with much superior means, succeed in nothing, because we do nothing as we ought to do it.”

A few days after the 16th of March, from the direction of the Puyo battery, a sudden firing of some heavy pieces of cannon was heard, and which lasted but an instant, and

then entirely ceased. I bent my steps thither, in order to learn the cause, and see if there was any thing going on. It being soon after the defeat of the 16th of March, as it was thought probable that the Carlists would themselves attack the lines, the advanced posts were much stronger than usual, and it was their duty, and they had orders to defend them, and not to give way without making the best fight they could: if the attacking party was very numerous, to retreat as slowly as possible, in order to allow the batteries time to point their guns and throw fresh men into them. On arriving at the Puyo, the officer in command, said, "If you had
" been here a little sooner, you would have
" been amused, those *brave* Spaniards in
" advance, instead of defending their posts,
" have been running away from the Car-
" lists." Now, the reader will naturally suppose that the Carlists were very superior in number, or that their attack was very sudden and vigorous, or that their fire was very galling and destructive, or that at least they looked very threatening. Now, the

number of Carlists they had run away from was very small, and I will leave you to judge how tremendous their fire was, or how vigorous their attack, or how threatening their appearance, when I tell you they were the bearers of a flag of truce, which the Christinos, struck blind with fear, were prevented from seeing. But fortunately an English post a little to the right perceived what it was, and shouted out to the Puyo to cease firing; luckily none of their guns had done any mischief. The flag of truce was sent in to inquire after the Carlist colonel of lancers, that had been taken prisoner, and bring him some clothes and a few small things he might want in prison. A person I can depend on told me that, on the 16th of March, something less than one hundred Carlists suddenly issued from some brushwood on a hill, when the right of the line was attacked, shouting out "*à la bayoneta.*" On their appearing inclined to come to close quarters, a Christino regiment, a thousand strong, ran away from them. What these Christinos like best, is, to fire double the distance that

a musket will carry, and try to hide themselves in their own smoke. During the affairs of March, the official ordnance return gave the number of cartridges taken out of store as one million and forty-two thousand, of which from forty to eighty thousand fell into the hands of the enemy. The Carlists themselves confessed a loss of two thousand killed or wounded during the days, so that it appears in Spanish firing only one cartridge in five hundred draws blood; but as it is more than probable that full one-half of the loss of the Carlists was caused by the very powerful, numerous, and well-served artillery of all kinds, consisting of rockets, spherical shells, common shells, grape shot, and cannon balls, it would then leave a thousand wounded to a million of cartridges, which of course gives a thousand cartridges fired for one killed and wounded. The cost of a million of musket cartridges is somewhat more than £.16,000, and supposing the artillery cartridges fired in those days not to be worth more than £.4,000, to wound a single Carlist £.10 worth of ammunition was

fired away; and taking one killed to five wounded—a very large proportion—there was at least £.50 of ammunition expended for each man of the enemy killed. One of the most disgusting things was shortly after to learn, from letters received from Madrid, and from an authority that could not be doubted, that Spaniards of all shades of political opinions there, could not conceal their joy that Evans and his proud Legion had been beaten.

I think it was the beginning of April that General Seoane arrived; he was a member of the Cortes, and came, it was said, to make an official report to the Government of the state of things at St. Sebastian. The Legion was ordered out to be reviewed, and looked remarkably well; and while it was forming in front of the Molino battery, we moved on to the extreme advanced post to make a reconnaissance, that General Seoane might be aware of the positions held by the enemy, and the situation of the works they were throwing up; for they had just begun a new strong redoubt on our left of the Venta.

There was General Seoane, General Evans, Chichester and Fitzgerald, General Jarregui, Santa-Cruz, and Rendon, Lord John Hay, Colonel Wylde, myself, and a very large train of aides-de-camp. As some of the staff had the goodness to mount me, when there was any thing to be seen, wherever they went I accompanied them. We were within about four hundred yards of the Carlist advanced post. I was expecting every moment, that, seeing so large a body of us, they would let fly a volley, and I went away praising them for their forbearance: I did not know for some hours after, how little they deserved it; for we were at the advanced *picquet* house, on the road to Hernani—it was ground that we occupied by day and the Carlists by night; for between that spot and the nearest post in the rear there was a deep ravine, so that had we left a post at night, the Carlists could easily have slipped round by the ravine and cut it off: but as it was perfectly within reach of the fire of the long thirty-two pounders of the Puyo, the Carlists could not hold it by day; besides, it was the only spot, being

the advanced *picquet* house on the high-road, by which flags of truce were received, and a sort of good faith was established, and it was supposed to be sacred from monkey-hyæna tricks of any kind. At sunset our men quitted the occupation of it, and it was garrisoned by the Carlists, and at sunrise we again took possession of it; and it was an understood thing that there should be no shots fired about the occupation. On Sundays and fête days, the inhabitants of St. Sebastian, the women and young people, would go and talk across the piece of neutral ground to their old acquaintances, who would walk over from Hernani, and on this spot the war was so civilized, that each party had the gallantry to leave a fire for his successor, and if extinguished, it was supposed to be the effect of accident and not of design. The morning of the review was luckily remarkably fine, without rain, a thing rather rare in the Pyrenees, where it rains almost every day—so fine that no *picquet* fire was lit. It certainly would have been a new way of killing or wounding all the generals and

an entire staff of an army. Shortly after the review, I met Colonel Fitch, who commanded the lines; he said to me, "You do not know what a lucky escape you have all had," pulling out of his pocket a piece of paper, containing a quantity of jagged bits of iron, nails, powder, and small balls. "It was a lucky thing they did not light the *picquet* fire when they saw the general coming, under the idea that the commander-in-chief, and his staff, might like to warm themselves, for, just after you were gone, a deserter came in and told us he was on *picquet* the night before, and that some of the Carlists, who had found one of our unexploded shells, had brought it there, and had filled it with all sorts of things. They had entirely put out the fire, and had made a hole and put the shell in it when they retired in the morning, and had covered it over again very carefully, in the expectation that, when the fire was lit, it would blow up the *picquet* house, and all in it and round it. Luckily the fire was not lit; I went to the spot, he said,

“ and found the shell concealed in the way
“ the deserter had mentioned.” This is one
of the monkey-hyæna, treacherous, useless
attempts at cruelty, that the Carlists, brave
as they are, were continually guilty of.

A gentleman I had met before, came over
to St. Sebastian for a few days ; he had formerly
been in the household brigade, and was with the
Duke of Wellington at the siege. During the
period of his visit the Legion happened to be
put through a good many movements ; advancing
as if to attack the enemy, then retreating—parties
of skirmishers having been thrown out in front
and on the right flank. He was surprised at their
excellent soldier-like appearance ; for the Legion
were remarkably well-clothed and well appointed,
and most punctually paid. I mean the men, not
the officers, for they—the men—were only three
or four months pay in arrear, and which, they
say, should always be the case, because it is a
sort of hold it is necessary to have on them,
but they had a real (two-pence halfpenny) per
day always punctually paid them. On viewing
the Le-

gion, he said, " Why, nothing can be better
" than this ; the soldiers appear just the
" right thing, and the officers the same ; in
" our service we can produce nothing better
" to look at. How could such disorder get
" hold of them in an instant on the defeat
" of the 16th ?" My reply was, I have in-
quired of almost every officer on whose judg-
ment I have any reliance—of the officers on
half-pay on H. B. M.'s service, of those who
went through the war with Don Pedro, and
of others who began their military career as
officers with the Legion, and there is but one
opinion. General Evans, with great kind-
ness of heart, and from the best of motives,
issued an order of the day, declaring it was
his intention to raise soldiers from the ranks,
if by their bravery and good conduct on the
field they shewed themselves worthy of it ;
and odd as it may appear, there was the Hon.
Mr. ****, a son of an English peer, a com-
mon soldier ; and I saw a man, who had
received a university education, in the ranks :
it was the Napoleon system, and great things
were expected from it. Not only was it a

complete failure, but worse than a failure, for the Legion attributed almost all their misfortunes to it. For out of the men raised from the ranks, three-fourths took to drinking, and were forced to be sent home; and thus they were deprived of their best non-commissioned officers, and the few officers raised from the ranks that remain, the men will not obey. They will not obey those who have been in the ranks with them: "how can I have any respect for that man," they say, "when he has been a common soldier, as I am?"

Now, how different is the French character from the English: a French soldier would obey with greater pleasure and alacrity an officer that has been raised from the ranks, than another who has not. The service was thus deprived of the best non-commissioned officers, and it was found impossible to replace them. When any thing went wrong, the non-commissioned officers being bad, they had no control over their men; and the officers not finding the requisite support from bad non-commissioned officers—that most important link of the chain, non-commis-

sioned officers, being defective,—if things once got out of order, it was next to impossible to put them to rights again.

I feel it my duty to mention this universal opinion of those, who ought to be in a position to judge the matter fairly, that the public may know of its complete failure. I hope the experiment may never be tried again; it will not do in an English army. A foreign general told me, the other day, that the Duke of Wellington once said to him, in the Waterloo campaign, “ Now, of these
“ fine looking fellows that you see there, our
“ serjeants of the guards, we cannot make
“ officers; almost all would take to drink-
“ ing, and it would be doing them any
“ thing but a kindness.”

In the beginning of June, a day or two before I quitted St. Sebastian, they were trying to form a new Legion; a man came up and said to an officer—“ We are glad, Sir,
“ you are to command the artillery, we
“ should all like to serve under you, because
“ we know you are a gentleman.” Now, a French private would rather have served

under a man who had risen from the ranks ; he would rather have been in the position to have said, we should like to serve under you, because you have been raised from the ranks, and have been a private soldier, like ourselves. Even the peer's son in question, almost as soon as he was made an officer, gave up his commission, quitted the Legion, and went home*.

The events of March had clearly proved that a man must be either a rogue or a fool, to believe in the co-operation of Spanish generals, with forces at a distance in a mountainous country, where five hundred men can often stop five thousand. As the only operations, that can ever be planned, even with a prospect of success, must be carried into

“ I caught a corporal and six of the seventh regiment (not in my brigade) plundering a house. I commenced flogging them from right to left, and when I came to the corporal, he called out to me, ‘ For God’s sake not to punish him,’ and holding out a large sheet of parchment, I looked at it, and found it was his commission as lieutenant in the British Navy, of eight years’ standing. So you see we have strange people among us.”—*Shaw’s Memoirs*, Vol. II., p. 455.

execution by bringing together whatever force is to be called into action on one spot.

There was evidently to be an interregnum of at least three weeks at St. Sebastian, before any thing could be done; and as the steam-boats were to be continually employed in bringing the twenty thousand troops, that were to arrive as reinforcements, I availed myself of a passage to Bilbao, with the intention of finding out the real and true state of the war in that district. It was impossible, moreover, not to take an interest in the place, after its heroic resistance against the Carlists so few months before. I embarked on board the James Watt steamer; as there were some dispatches, which were pressing, we were sent rather out of our direction, to land them at Socoa, the port of St. Jean de Luz. There were several passengers on board, who availed themselves of that occasion to pass into France by a steamer, instead of making the *trajet* in a slow-sailing passage-boat. We had not been a long time under weigh, when an individual came up, and volunteered me the following

information—I really forget his name, and I had rather not remember it; I am happy to say it was a sort of foreign name, and I believe he is not really English. He began by saying, “I am attached to the Morning Post. I know General Evans is very angry and discontented at the letters from the Legion that have been published in our paper—we likewise are by no means satisfied, and I am sent over by the paper to report on things myself—no blame can be attributed to us for what has been said of the Legion, be it true or false, however angry General Evans may be, for I assure you that we never published one letter that was not written by his own officers, though of course I cannot give you their names to prove it, and tell you who they are.” Deeply as I felt the un-English nature of the proceeding, and the dirty villainy of the transaction, I quietly replied, “I suppose you mean officers on the retired list, not continuing to wear the uniform of the Legion, nor serving in the field with it?” “No, I do not,” he said; “I mean officers

“wearing the uniform, and on active service.” My astonishment was if possible increased. In asking the latter question I had a particular meaning; I knew a certain major of infantry, who had been put on the retired list, was generally suspected of having written some of them, but as it was always reported that he was a most brave and active officer, and that the Legion had been deprived of his services from some misunderstanding, and that he was considered by many to have been hardly treated,—although I did not know him to speak to, I was delighted to find he was not the man—I was rejoiced to learn that he at least did not form one of those “incomprehensible vagabonds,” who, I have already told you, did exist in the Legion; and I meant those, who, while they received the pay and wore the uniform, were secretly in the service of its enemies, and were employed to write anonymous communications to vilify, belie, and slander it in every way. Well might General Evans say, in one of his speeches on the hustings, “and the Tories sent their spies “amongst us.” Not only did the English

Tories succeed in sending their spies, but the foreign Tories attempted it.

General Alava, the most honourable, the bravest, the most disinterested of men, mentioned that a certain English general, (I will not state his name,) suffice it to say that he is one of the most distinguished officers in the service, and a constant supporter of Her Majesty's present government in the House of Peers, asked him to give a commission in the Legion to a Prussian, who had been recommended to him; the peer in question would sooner have cut off his right hand, than have made the request, had he known the trap that had been laid for him. General Alava's answer was, like himself, manly and disinterested; he assured the noble lord, that " he would do any thing to
" oblige him that laid in his power, but
" he felt that, as General Evans had been
" chosen by him to command the Legion,
" as the responsibility of the success or non-
" success of the expedition would rest en-
" tirely with General Evans, it was but fair
" that he should have the uncontrolled

“ choice of those who were to serve under
“ him ; for on the judgment and skill shewn
“ in that choice, much must depend ; and in
“ case of failure he would not have him in
“ the position to be able to say—that officers
“ had been nominated to command, of
“ whom he knew nothing, and who he
“ would not have chosen himself.” General
Alava concluded by saying, “ And the Prus-
“ sian in question would have been only
“ sent as a spy, for I hear that he has since
“ joined the Carlists.” I said to him of the
Morning Post, “As you are here, I wonder
“ you do not stop a little longer, and witness
“ the operations that must soon begin.”
With a quiet, treacherous smile, he replied—
“ If I do not see them *here*, I shall perhaps
“ witness them *somewhere else*.” I confess
I did not then understand his meaning ; but
I discovered afterwards that he went and
joined the Carlists ; and I shall hereafter
have occasion to refer to the two first letters
he wrote from their camp. If there is one
thing more to be reprobated than another,
by honourable men, it is coming over to

one camp, (for St. Sebastian was nothing more or less than our fortified camp,) get introduced into the garrison club, make acquaintance with the officers, ride their horses round the lines, learn from them the weak and strong points of the various positions, get them to make you acquainted, in the freedom of general and unsuspecting conversation, with every thing that is going on, details which it is of the highest importance that the enemy should not be informed of, and at once repay the kindness and attention you have received, by relating and betraying every thing that was confided to you, and passing into the camp of those who are murdering and butchering your countrymen in cold blood. Lord Ranelagh's conduct at St. Sebastian, which has furnished so much public discussion, was not an unfrequent subject of conversation there. After a certain trial, I heard it observed, " that Lord
" De Roos was now considered an outcast
" from society, because he was found guilty
" of cheating at the game of cards; but they
" considered Lord Ranelagh's conduct was

“ much worse, for he had been guilty of cheating at the noble game of war.” Whether it is Mr. Jones, or Lord any body, that is guilty of such conduct, it certainly is the duty of every honourable man, to visit on it that vengeance which society can inflict*.

It is impossible for a steam boat, unless it is a very small one, to enter the Bilbao river. You are therefore landed at Portugalette, which is rather more than six miles distant from the town, and you hire some boat to row you up the six miles. At the inn at Portugalette, where I dined, I found some five or six persons who likewise wanted a boat, and one gentleman very kindly undertook to make the bargain. He was a very intelligent mer-

* Mr. Honan takes a very proper view of the case, when he says to the Carlist magistrate, in an interview he had with him, previous to quitting the Carlist camp on his journey to Madrid :—“ I can be silent if you think it necessary to require it, as no man has a right to come amongst you and carry away information for the service of your adversaries, and therefore be so kind as to tell me what you wish to have done.”—*Honan's Court and Camp of Don Carlos*, p. 226.

chant of Bilbao, and spoke French perfectly, and gave me much information. On going up the river, "That hill," I said, "is an important position, does it belong to the Carlists? Do you possess it?"—"No," was his answer. "Then, on the different elevated points that I see around me, what ground do you possess?" He replied, "What we happen to have got our feet on (*ce que nous foulons avec nos pieds*), the Carlists can occupy in safety a line of mountains you see around us with fifty men, that we cannot occupy with a thousand. We are called, it is true, the heroic city of Bilbao; and what have we gained by defending it? we have had an army of thirty thousand men, almost all the Guards and the best troops in Spain, doing nothing since Christmas day, and yet rotting in the hospitals, and these thirty thousand men are lodged on us. I have, as the rest have, thirty soldiers quartered in my house. I had rather have despotism in the streets, and liberty at home. We never

“ would have defended the city, if we had
“ known the use the Queen’s generals were
“ going to make of it. Why don’t they go
“ and fight the enemy somewhere? Why
“ do the Guards, the best troops we have,
“ remain in inactivity here?”

Certainly, the situation of things around Bilbao was disgraceful to those commanding the army. With a very large force under their orders, they allowed the Carlists to have an outpost at the very bridge on the high road to Durango, within musket shot of the town. The Christinos were, at that time, strengthening and increasing a large fort, which was situated in the town facing the northern boundary. There was a deep ravine in front, then a line of hills, with cottages, gardens, and brushwood; to cover and protect their working party, they were forced to have as many as five hundred men, who were thrown out as an advanced post on the top of the hill above, about a mile from the fort. The Carlists, with the greatest impudence and impunity, although few in number, would continually, at sun

set, creep down amongst the brushwood, and fire at the covering party, and annoy them extremely, as they were descending the hill to retire into the town for the night.

The Carlists are well aware of their superiority over the Christinos in every way, and always treat them with the most perfect contempt; but the most extraordinary thing was, the state of the great road from the bridge of Luchana to Portugalette, about three miles and a-half, that is, half the entire distance from Portugalette to Bilbao; they allowed, from sun-set to sun-rise, the whole bank of the river to be taken possession of by the Carlists; for the Queen's troops, numerous as they were, dare not keep out during the night. Every evening, at sun-set, the boats of Her Britannic Majesty's navy carried them across the river, to put them out of danger, and roost them in safety for the night, in the fort of the Desierto, out of the possible reach of their bold and enterprising enemies: and again at sun-rise, under the protection of the long thirty-two pounders of the Desierto, and the short

thirty-two pounders, forming the broadside of a British ship of war, they were transported again in the boats of the British navy across the river, to take up their position on the top of the ridge of mountains, which is within gun-shot of our batteries ; and the army of the Christinos must have been, at that time, twice or thrice as numerous as that of the Carlists.

Nothing can be worse than the climate of St. Sebastian and Bilbao ; from the 1st of October to the 1st of May, it rains continually. The mortality, when I was at Bilbao, amongst the Queen's troops was beyond all conception. I was in the habit of dining almost every day with an officer of the 1st regiment of the Guards, a near relation of one of the Queen's ministers, who fully confirmed my idea, that a very bad camp fever must exist among the garrison, from the very great number of sick that were carried into the military hospital, and the numerous dead I at all hours met in the streets, that they were conveying out of the town for interment : the appearance of the

troops on parade shewed me to what an extent the hand of death was already on many of them. The officer of the Guards assured me that the promenade of Espartero to Durango caused more than one thousand seven hundred deaths amongst the troops; and his regiment, the first of the Guards, had lost full one hundred and fifty men in the six weeks.

Espartero received positive orders from Madrid to march on Durango, and occupy it, and, by this movement, co-operate with the English in their attack from the side of St. Sebastian, which was to commence on the 10th of March. Durango is only about eighteen miles from Bilbao. Espartero, much against his judgment and inclination, was compelled, by those positive orders, to pretend, at least, to assist General Evans. Instead of taking the high road, he crossed the mountains with no provisions, evidently determined to come back again as soon as possible;—occupied Durango for forty-eight hours, and then evacuated it, his troops having nothing to eat, and returned again into Bilbao, with a loss in killed, wounded, and prisoners, of less than

one hundred men ; thus allowing the whole of the Carlist force, who merely left a battalion in front of Bilbao, to fall on General Evans, and yet this promenade eventually cost him more than one thousand seven hundred men.

The mortality amongst the Queen's troops, from sickness, is ten, twenty, and fifty fold more than among the Carlists, according to the dampness of the climate they are campaigning in. You must remember that it is from the southern provinces of Spain, that the greater number of these conscripts, or recruits, or what the Spanish call *quintos*, come, and who are compelled to serve in the army by the military laws of conscription, as a man is compelled to serve in the militia in England, if drawn. Now, in the South of Spain, if you cannot go to the extent of asserting it never rains, you may say that the soil never remains damp ; so much so, that, on account of the want of rain, the only land that is of much value, is where the position allows artificial irrigation to be employed. On the contrary, in the Spanish Pyrenees, with the exception

of the two or three months in the summer season, scarcely a day passes without rain, so that the soil is always damp. Its effect on the young peasant soldier, of the dry south, who was never before exposed to rain, and who never had to march over, much less lie down, night after night, on damp ground, may be easily conceived. The disease that then raged among the Queen's troops, was called a typhus, and it was brought on by this promenade to Durango, from being out for four or five days, with scarce any thing to eat, exposed to a constant rain, and forced at night to bivouac and sleep on the damp ground, in already wetted clothes. The regiments of the Guards, who had been used to the good dry quarters of Madrid, suffered more than the others. I observed the poor fellows that were breeding it, had a pallid aguish-looking complexion, for some days before they fell down with it. I use the term, "fell down with it," for it would attack them quite suddenly at last, and they were picked up and carried off to the military hospital. From what I could learn, the recoveries

were few. I was in Paris during the raging of the cholera, when the Government avowed the loss of thirty-two thousand persons in thirty days, and I did not see so many dead bodies about the streets as during the time I was at Bilbao. The loss of the garrison, the officer assured me, from the 10th of March to the end of April, was one thousand seven hundred men, and he was likely to know, as he was attached to the staff of Espartero.

During my stay at Bilbao, an exchange of prisoners took place at the bridge on the Durango road. The Carlists who had been in the possession of the Christinos had been very well taken care of, and treated kindly ; their clothes were not in a bad condition, and the men looked healthy and well. About two hundred and fifty on each side was the number announced to be exchanged ; but the Carlists ought to have had six hundred living prisoners in their possession, but three hundred and fifty out of the six hundred, had what they call died, but in reality had been much worse than murdered. The

prisoners made by the Queen's troops had a ration of food daily, the Carlists only gave theirs eight rations during the month; of those that the Queen had taken, scarce any had died; of those in the hands of the Carlists, more than half had ceased to exist. Carlist prisoners, when taken by the Christinos, are allowed to retain what they have on their backs; all the prisoners taken by the Carlists, are immediately stripped* completely naked, and driven on at the point of the bayonet. Two companies of the Oviedo regiment, who were surrounded by the Carlists in a house on the 16th of March, the instant they were taken, were stripped to the skin, and driven into Hernani at the point of the bayonet. One reason given for this great act of cruelty is, that being quite naked they dare not escape; as the very state of nakedness would shew

* In confirmation of my assertion, that the Carlists always strip their prisoners, see the work of Mr. Stephens (the correspondent of the *Morning Post*), on the Basque Provinces, Vol. I., pp. 244 to 248; and in many other places.

what they were, and the peasants recognising them, would put them to death. If humanity did not forbid it, the Christinos might equally strip the Carlist prisoners immediately they take them, to prevent their getting away, instead of leaving them in possession of their clothes. Even during the march, the very night before they were exchanged, six or seven of these poor fellows had died on the road to Bilbao. It could hardly be supposed possible to bring together two hundred and fifty men really living, who looked so much like dead men; so little covering had they on, that, as they entered the town, the people threw them bits of rag, petticoats, and various old pieces of male and female raiment, to cover their almost entire nakedness; and they were finally marched into the square at Bilbao, and the few tattered rags that hung about their persons were drawn off them, and suits of clothes were brought from the military dépôt, for each of them. Their constitutions had suffered to such a degree, and their appearance was so squalid, and so much like that of a

skeleton, that, of the two hundred and fifty, who remained out of the six hundred, but few were likely to get over the infamous treatment they had received. The just and avenging hand of God must one day be stretched over wretches guilty of such useless acts of barbarity.

At the latter end of April, the large reinforcements that were destined to augment General Evans's army, from twelve to thirty-two thousand men, began to put themselves in motion, and steamers were continually arriving off the mouth of the Nervion to convey them to St. Sebastian: but as their stay was often but a few hours, the troops being in the village of Algorta ready to be embarked, the only way to be sure of not losing a passage was to take up your abode at Portugalette, which plan I pursued.

The army was at that time occupied with throwing up detached forts on the heights above, sufficient to protect Portugalette and the village of Santurce, at the entrance of the port, when the garrison in the neighbourhood should have been weakened. I walked

to the top of the hill where the troops were employed. The disregard which is paid to life in Spain is beyond every thing. I found soldiers sent out on working parties who ought not to have been there. It was their dinner time, or rather time of repose, when I arrived. Several of the poor wretches were lying on the wet ground, trying to sleep; and I saw, already, on many of them, that aguish complexion and glassy eye, which too plainly shewed they had then the seeds of, and were breeding the exterminating camp fever that was raging at Bilbao; and they ought to have been inmates of an hospital, instead of being sent out to form part of a fatigue company. In front, there was a very strong covering party, with their arms piled; for about twenty of their ever active and indefatigable enemies, the Carlists, had been shewing themselves on the hill, and the Christinos were afraid of an attempt at a surprise—not at all an unlikely thing to happen: but during the few days I was at Portugalette no shot was fired in *that* direction.

The Honourable Captain Denman then commanded in the river, and his vessel, the *Scylla*, was lying a few hundred yards up the stream, off Portugalette. I have to thank him for much kindness and civility. I was breakfasting with him one morning, and just as we had finished, the Hon. Captain Curzon, whose vessel was moored off the fort of the Desierto, telegraphed down, "The enemy in front." A boat was immediately manned, and I accompanied Captain D., when an opportunity was afforded of witnessing the beautiful simplicity and perfection of the new marine sights for cannon. Why they are not applied to our Woolwich artillery, or field batteries, I cannot understand; except it is for the sake of still making a thing somewhat difficult, and a matter of calculation where not the slightest calculation is required, save measuring the distance you are from the object you aim at. We were firing at a house one thousand six hundred yards distant, just one hundred and seventy yards less than a mile. The gun used was a long thirty-two pounder. Any one

blessed with an accurate eye could have taken any one of the guns—a *long* six, a long twelve, or a long eighteen or twenty-four pounder,—and without the slightest knowledge of artillery, could be sure of hitting the house, having once seen the thirty-two pounder fired: but the same person having no knowledge of artillery, had the same sights been fitted to them as employed by the Woolwich Royal Artillery—that is, the sights marked with degrees instead of yards—might not, in many days, after many shots, have been able to have found the various ranges the moment they exceeded point blank. I will try to explain to you my meaning. Suppose the point blank range of a long six-pounder to be five hundred yards, another seven, and another nine, and another a thousand, according to their weight and length. The Woolwich sights, or tangent scales, are marked by degrees—once beyond point blank range, if I remember right, a quarter of a degree represents a hundred yards for a certain distance; then it requires more than a quarter of a degree

and therefore a fresh calculation: even if you knew the extreme point blank range the thing is more or less difficult, I ought to say very complicated, with the Woolwich sights. Now the marine sights are, on the contrary, the perfection of simplicity, merely from the back sights, or tangent scales, being marked by yards instead of degrees.

When we arrived in the boat at the Desierto, the enemy were found to have occupied a house in front, situated on the well-known Mount Aspe. Their appearance on the heights in the day time, and this display of threatening activity, was most likely meant to induce Espartero to leave a large garrison at Bilbao; as the less he reduced it, the fewer men would be able to make a forward movement from St. Sebastian. By the time we arrived, a shot or two had been fired; and the enemy had most probably evacuated the house, and retired behind the hill, for they did not continue to shew themselves. Captain D. having been but a short time in the river, had had no opportunity of ascertaining the exact ranges. A charge for a long

thirty-two pounder costs about ten shillings, and they are never fired away without reason ; but as the garrison of Bilbao was going to be so much reduced, it was thought necessary to be perfectly certain of the range of Mount Aspe, as it formed the exact centre of the position. The first shot fired had the tangent scale marked at one thousand five hundred and fifty yards, and it fell about fifty yards short of the house, as was intended ; for the next shot, the marine sight was screwed where it marked one thousand six hundred yards, and the shot hit the house : four more shots were fired, and all hit the house. Now a good aimer, without any knowledge of artillery, could have taken a long six, a long twelve, twenty-four, or thirty-two pounder, though all of different ranges, and by lifting up the sight of each gun, and fixing it where it was marked one thousand six hundred yards, would easily have hit the house in question ; and had he taken a *short* twelve or thirty-two pounder carronade—the latter being the same kind of thirty-two pound gun as those with which

the Scylla was armed,—unscrewing the sight and putting it up to its extreme elevation, he would have found nothing marked on it higher than one thousand two hundred yards, which would have told him that the gun would not carry with any certainty of aim more than one thousand two hundred yards, and that it would be useless to fire it, as it was above its range. After the ranges were ascertained, we lunched with Captain Curzon, on board his vessel, and I returned with Captain Denman to dine aboard the Scylla.

On the 30th of April I embarked on board Her British Majesty's steam frigate, the Phoenix, Captain Henderson. It was an animated sight; we had not less than five armed steam frigates, and one unarmed, lying at the mouth of the Nervion: Her British Majesty's armed steam frigates, the Phoenix, the Salamander, and the Rhadamanthus; and then the Isabella armed steam frigate, under Spanish colours, commanded by Commodore Henry; and the James Watt, unarmed, hired by the year by the Queen's

Government ; and to my surprise, we had in addition, the French armed steam frigate, the Meteor, who, after laying in the Passages for a long time, obstructing every thing and doing nothing, came out all at once to lend her assistance to transport troops. We ought to have had a thousand men each on board, but Espartero did not, as he had promised, send down a regiment of the Guards to Algorta, to protect the embarkation of the last troops ; so we had something less than the number we expected.

This same said frigate, the Meteor, had been laying a long time at the Passages, giving no assistance, while our navy had been working day and night. She had the reputation amongst themselves of being a flyer, much the fastest of all the steamers possessed by the French Government, and I suppose came out to have a triumph, and shew what she could do, and have a race ; but we know that private reputation and public running do not always come off as expected.

We started, all together, at one o'clock ; the weather was very fine. The Phoenix,

the vessel that I was in, beat them all, and arrived first at St. Sebastian, at half-past even o'clock ; the Flying Frenchman that was to be, we beat by one hour, and he was the last boat in, equivalent to leaving him nine miles behind ; so if the Meteor goes out to seek troops again, it will be alone, and not in company.

What a full harvest of deeply rooted and long lasting hatred, on the part of the Spanish nation, have the French Government and people reaped, on account of their disgraceful, false, and amphibious policy towards Spain ; helping every now and then the Queen a little with one hand, and the Carlists a great deal with the other. I cannot better describe the conduct of France than by quoting the words of one of Louis Philippe's own ministers, Monsieur Thiers, the most talented and eloquent member of the French chamber, as well as the words of Monsieur Sauzet, who is scarce inferior to him. Monsieur Thiers says, " Others talk " of moral support given by France ; but " the only moral support is the certitude that

“ France will aid Spain, if aid be necessary;
“ and this moral support has not been given,
“ but withdrawn. Nay, the refusal of suc-
“ cour has thrown our moral support alto-
“ gether to the Carlist side.” “ The words
of M. Sauzet are, “ As to the Quadruple
“ alliance, the use you have made of it has
“ been to give promises and break them;
“ excite hopes in the weak, and withdraw
“ them in the hour of peril. You have made
“ it a great weakness and a great lie.”

I have conversed with many most brave and noble minded officers, at General Evans's, on many questions, and various things relating to the war in their unhappy country; and they could talk calmly and dispassionately on the probability of Don Carlos's success, on HIS conduct, and on the GENERAL conduct of the Carlist party; in fact, on every subject but one; and that one was, the disgraceful and false conduct of France. Mention but the name of Louis Philippe, and it had the same effect as shewing water to a mad dog—they became furious. Much as they desire to see England intervene, they

declare if a French army came in they would join Don Carlos, or any body that would fight against the French: they would sooner see Don Carlos on the throne than let the French be able to say they had driven him out; and they finished by declaring, that if Don Carlos was triumphant and established at Madrid, they would quit their country, join Abel Kader, or any unconquered Arab chief, to have the pleasure of making war against France, and killing Frenchmen. "That which ye sow, ye shall reap." French deceit, duplicity, and falsehood, have reaped a plentiful harvest of Spanish hatred and contempt, and a hatred and contempt that will not pass away.

On Thursday, the 4th of May, a few days after my return to St. Sebastian from Bilbao, so many fresh troops had arrived that it was impossible to lodge them, without occupying some new ground: orders were given to that active, excellent, and highly talented officer, Major Humphreys, who commanded the engineer department of the Legion, to give the necessary directions, and to super-

intend the construction of a pontoon bridge to be thrown over the Urumea, opposite the small village of Loyola, and which was to be finished at two o'clock p. m., the hour of high water. Some blue jackets from Lord John Hay's squadron lent their assistance, as usual. The pontoons began to move up the river at about twelve o'clock, having about a mile to be towed. The hills above were bristling with thousands and thousands of Christino bayonets. A small party of Carlists, about thirty in number, who were there, instead of running away when they saw so large and superior a force, immediately covered themselves by a mud bank on the other side of the river, and even drove away our men, who were towing up the pontoons, in the face of thousands of their enemies, and an immense quantity of artillery. The business of this day must be dwelt on, to shew that the Carlists, when *in the mountains*, however imposing the force is, however sudden the attack, are never seized with a panic, and never give way until they are really beaten; and when they do retreat, it

is rather from calculation than fear; the proof of it is, that the Legion, and the Spanish army acting with it, have never taken but two wounded prisoners in *the field*, although most desirous to effect it.

The Carlists were able, with thirty men, for a short time to delay the construction of the pontoon bridge, owing to some mistake in the orders that were given to the Legion and Legion artillery that were to form the covering party, and protect the passage of the boats up the river. The pontoons were ordered to be put in motion at twelve o'clock, and the force which was to protect them did not get their orders to be on the ground until one o'clock. I am glad it was so, as it gave me a proof of the great superiority and greater courage of the Carlists. A short time after the men towing the boats had been driven off, Captain Howe made his appearance on the ground appointed to him, with his field battery of the Legion artillery; the second spherical shot that was fired, in spite of the protection afforded by the mud bank, killed a Carlist and his faithful dog, and

wounded another man. The wounded man they carried off, but, contrary to their usual custom, left the dead body of their companion, and did not even stay to strip him, which was the more extraordinary, as they never like to allow any thing belonging to a Carlist to fall into the hands of their enemies : but spherical shot, being the most destructive engines in the world, they very properly got out of their reach as fast as possible. The pontoons now moved up unmolested, in front of the village of Loyola, while Major Humphreys gave his orders to fix them across the river. One man, a single Carlist volunteer, entirely alone, had the courage to come down and place himself behind a mound of earth, at about the distance of from three to four hundred yards, and stood with the most perfect coolness, firing shot after shot at those constructing the bridge, and succeeded in wounding a Spanish officer of Marines in the shoulder. When the bridge was nearly finished, he walked away from the thousands opposed to him with the greatest composure and steadiness, not hurrying himself in the least. It

was delightful to see so very cool, brave, and gallant a fellow get away unhurt. I was standing at the time in the Queen's battery, commanded by Colonel Shaw, and the embrasure of the extreme right gun was not quite wide enough to allow it to be pointed where he stood, and it was not thought worth while to move a thirty-two pounder to kill one man, or the first or second spherical would most likely have destroyed him. The bridge was completed at a few minutes after two, and some thousands of troops passed over, under the protecting fire of the Legion artillery, the Legion rockets, and Royal Marine Artillery rockets, as well as the fire of the Mezzagagna, the Queen's, Rodil's and the Puyo batteries, which had long thirty-two pounders and smaller guns ; there were also the field batteries of the Legion, the Royal Marine, and the Royal Woolwich Artillery, which threw spherical shells, common shells, and cannon balls, in addition to the rockets ; but the distance was too great to use grape shot. The Carlists, though few in number, and with no artillery, taking

advantage of every mountain spot that was favourable to them, kept up a running fire, and retreated in the greatest order ; a single prisoner, either living or dead, was not taken, except the one dead man already mentioned ; though a deserter, who came over a few days after, said their loss in killed and wounded was eighty-five men : the loss on our side was, I think, one killed and two wounded.

The ground and houses that it was thought necessary to occupy, in order to lodge the newly arrived troops, to make room for Espartero and his regiments of the Guards, which were to make their appearance in a few days, was taken possession of, extending about a mile and a half on the other side of the river. On the following day, Colonel Shaw very kindly mentioned that Captain Howe would cross the river after the soldiers had got their dinner, and would take up a position in front of the enemy's fixed battery ; that if I went up with the Legion guns, I should most likely witness a little artillery affair. Being particularly desirous of

seeing how the Carlists could point their pieces, I accompanied the Legion field battery, which was put so quietly in position, that the enemy in the fort knew nothing of its arrival. At the back of the village of Astirargarga the enemy had a large working party, who were commencing a new fort, about one thousand five hundred yards from the guns. Generally before a spherical case shot is attempted, a round shot or two is fired, the number of degrees given by the tangent scale, telling pretty nearly at what length the spherical fuses ought to be cut : but not wishing to disturb the working party, Captain Howe, trusting to his great skill and accuracy in measuring a distance and in pointing a gun, immediately commenced with two sphericals, and most successful he was ; for they both burst exactly over the centre of the astonished working party, who scampered off as fast as they could. We had only two long six pounders to work with, for it was above the range of the two short twelve pounders ; and the Carlist fort, armed with two long twelve pounders and

two long eighteen pounders, now opened its fire on the Legion artillery. The extreme precision with which the Carlists pointed their guns after they had once ascertained the ranges, was astonishing; though it was afterwards discovered, that it was not *Spanish* firing, for they had eight French artillery men to point them. Two cannon shot buried themselves in the ground at a very few feet from the muzzle of the guns; but as they did not come horizontally, but were fired from a height, the field battery being placed on soft ground, they did no mischief. Had the Carlists possessed common or spherical shells, fired with equal precision, they must have killed every one about the battery, instead of hurting no one. The Carlists were about nine minutes in loading, pointing, and firing each gun; when with the long six pounders, Captain Howe could average, in case of necessity, a fraction more than two shots in a minute, which makes full eighteen shots to their one: or, he could fire more than one hundred pounds weight of exploding spherical case shot from

a six pounder, while they fired one of their comparatively harmless non-exploding eighteen pound round cannon shot, only having a long six pound field piece against long eighteen pounders in a fixed battery ; such is the quickness with which light field artillery is fired. As soon as the range was ascertained, seven of the six pound sphericals burst one after another in succession over the Carlist redoubt, the Christino Spanish troops cheering most lustily at every explosion amongst their enemies. On our side not a man was hurt, though some deserters, who came in afterwards, reported, true or false, that the enemy had lost fifty-seven in killed and wounded from the sphericals during the evening.

This comparatively harmless affair is dwelt on, as it led to one of the most important events of the war—an order to surprise the Legion battery the next morning : and the failure of that attack, and the tremendous destruction caused by the artillery, was the *real* cause of the evacuation of the lines of Hernani by the Carlists, and the movement

on Valencia and Madrid: for the Infant Don Sebastian — finding that eighteen-pound cannon balls, fired from elevated positions, could not contend even against six pounders with sphericals, on account of the great rapidity with which they are fired, and their tremendous execution—gave an order that an attempt should be made to surprise and capture, at all risks, the Legion artillery the next morning. Captain Howe having gone himself with one gun to the extreme left of the advanced house, which formed the key and terminus of the new position, the Carlists made a most gallant and determined rush on the gun. Here a company of the second light Spanish, which had been placed on the flank of the gun, to protect it in case of attack, immediately on seeing the enemy, and the vigour of their attack, ran away without firing a shot, while other companies of the same regiment behaved very well, and repulsed the enemy from the house. It is impossible to make any calculation about what Spanish troops will do. The same regiment will run

away without firing a shot one day, and, placed in about the same position another, will fight with the most determined bravery: for that reason, nothing are so difficult to command as Spanish troops*.

The Carlists now, in obedience to the orders left by their Prince, and with a devo-

* It appears that even the Carlists, who are volunteers, are not always to be depended on. Captain Henningsen, who ought to be a good authority, says: "How necessary this prudence proved to have been, those who have seen the unsteadiness of volunteers, who fight only for their opinions, can appreciate. Even the inhabitants of La Vendée were, we read, also subject to this fickleness; although their astonishing resistance was the admiration of the world, and to this day fills a page which is unequalled in the history of devoted heroism. The men who one day took the cannon of the Republicans with loaded sticks, the next, were seized with an unaccountable panic, and fled before the slightest danger without firing a shot.

"The impetuosity of their chief was evidently a principal cause of their perdition. If they had not made their rash attempt on Nantes, or crossed the Seine, till they had become completely organized and disciplined, they might have met with signal victories, and have chosen their moment to march into Paris."—Vol. I., p. 169.

tion worthy of a better cause, attacked in front, with the greatest bravery, the other three guns of the Legion artillery. Captain Howe having got away in safety with the gun from the left, the four guns opened a most well-directed and extraordinary quickly served fire of sphericals; but so determined was the courage of the Carlists, that one house was taken and retaken three times, although under the protecting fire of the artillery; and they got within three hundred yards of the guns, near enough for the short twelve-pounders to fire common grape-shot among them with immense execution. The Carlists found themselves also under the fire of some very large pieces of Royal Woolwich Artillery, which were stationed close to the Puyo Fort, and which took them in flank, several shells being seen to burst in the midst of them, fired from very large howitzers.

I will mention here, that when General Evans entered Oyarzun, on his way to attack Irun, he was told that two Navarrese battalions—the fairest way of counting a battalion is at the average of about seven

hundred men—had orders to throw themselves into Irun and Fuenterrabia, and defend them ; but they had refused, declaring they would not shut themselves up in towns to be blown to pieces by English shells and rockets. A field officer of the Legion, who spoke Spanish perfectly, asked General Soroa, the Governor of Irun, why he refused to surrender the first evening, (a summons having been sent in,) as he had so small a garrison, and was apparently cut off from all relief? He replied, he had received a dispatch, announcing to him that two battalions were on their march to reinforce his garrison ; and his orders were, at all risks, to defend the place ; and that when he first saw the head of the Christino column advancing, he had no idea they were enemies, but conceived they were the two battalions promised to him. Although he soon found out his mistake, he was astonished at their not having made their appearance ; and he managed, during the darkness of the night, to communicate with them in the mountains, and ordered them to cut their way through, in some

direction, and enter into the town, according to their instructions; as it was of the greatest importance to hold out as long as possible, to give Don Sebastian time to continue his march without being pursued. The officers commanding the two battalions sent him word, that they would fight for Don Carlos in the mountains, where they could be of service to his cause, but they would not shut themselves up in a town to be blown to pieces by English artillery: such a tremendous panic and dismay had the spherical shells struck into the Carlists since the affair of the 5th and 6th of May.

So great is the devotion to Don Carlos amongst his mountain adherents, that, I confess, it is the first time I have heard of any order, or even wish, of his not being obeyed with the greatest alacrity and enthusiasm: this determination not to face the spherical shells, was the real and only cause of the march of Don Sebastian taking place so suddenly, and the almost instantaneous evacuation of the Hernani lines without defending them. It is true that the expedition

on Valencia and Madrid was planned long before, and agreed upon in concert with Austria, Russia, Prussia, and Sardinia, the three former powers not only furnishing the funds necessary to liquidate some old standing debts with the Jew contractors and furnishers at Bayonne, but advancing money to pay the troops, and buy new clothing, and equip the army with various necessities: but at last their departure was so sudden and unexpected by all parties, that even the leading inhabitants and municipality of Hernani knew nothing about it, as I shall hereafter prove. In the affair of the 6th of May, above mentioned, the Christino loss was, not counting scratches, eighty-one men, sufficiently wounded to be carried into hospital, and twenty killed. The Carlists were said to have shewn in front as many as seven thousand men, and their loss was known to be at least four hundred in killed and wounded in only two hours hard fighting. A deserter coming in shortly afterwards, gave information that their loss was even more than four hundred men.

which they themselves eventually confirmed and avowed, in the intelligence that came round by Bayonne; and some deserters likewise stated that the troops had declared they never would face the English artillery again; that they would retire and fight where the spherical shells could not follow them: this information not then believed, ultimately proved true, from the facts I have just related.

It has always appeared to me that there has been a determination, on the part of certain organs of the Carlist-Tory press, never to publish a true statement of what really takes place in Spain, even where truth would have suited their purpose better than falsehood, with the intention that the public might be sure of having at least *two* different statements, and that the readers, being at a distance should not be able to judge which was true and which was false, and by that means keep the British nation in entire darkness, concerning the real result of any event or occurrence in Spain, political, or military. Although the affair of the 6th of

May was finished by nine in the morning, yet the correspondent of the *Morning Post* thus concludes a letter giving an account of the loss sustained, dated St. Sebastian, May 6th, wherein he says, "the loss of the Carlists is supposed to be about the same as the Christinos," when the contrary was publicly known to every one in St. Sebastian, even on that day; and the letter dated the 6th not being sent off, he writes another on the 7th, giving various details, and he in nowise corrects or alters his assertion of the former day, though I may safely say, no one could be blind enough or foolish enough really to suppose, under the circumstances I have related, "that the loss could be about equal."

It was on the 9th of May that Espartero arrived from Bilbao at St. Sebastian, and the army was eventually increased to about thirty-two thousand men: the attack on the Carlist lines, which had the appearance, in all probability, of being a most bloody affair, was to have taken place on Monday the 15th, or Tuesday the 16th of May; but a trusty and

well-paid spy having, early in the morning of the 13th, brought in the information that the Carlists had withdrawn their artillery, and evidently did not dare to run the risk of the loss of it by defending the numerous strong works they had lately thrown up, where they were known to have put eighteen pieces of cannon in position, orders were given to lose no time, and the attack took place on Sunday the 14th of May, being Whit-Sunday. The Carlists, with the most determined coolness and bravery, defended the heights of the Venta, and the redoubts on the left side of it, with only musketry and a very few hundred men against thirty thousand of their enemies, and a mass of artillery, and only gave it up when they saw their right flank had been turned, and their retreat would be cut off, if they did not evacuate the position. During the attack, several sphericals were observed to burst over the redoubt which flanked the Venta. I was riding along with General Fitzgerald, when he went up with his division to occupy it, and the first thing visible

was at least the brains of two men lying on the ground, but the entire extent of the Carlist loss was never known.

I do not remember whether the Venta was taken at eight or ten o'clock; but, about two hours after, the gates of the town of Hernani were forced open, and the Carlists driven out; the village of Urnieta, just a mile and a half in advance of Hernani, on the great road to Tolosa, was then attacked: it is situated at the bottom of a hill, and entirely commanded by the heights around; its formation is about six hundred yards long by four hundred yards wide, the great road going through the centre of it. Here the Carlists, not the least intimidated at seeing the tremendous masses opposed to them, instead of running away, with musketry only, defended most gallantly the houses and church against spherical shells, rockets, and artillery, and only retreated when their right flank had been turned, the right half of the town being carried by a very brave and well-executed charge of the bayonet made by the 6th Scotch regiment; and the

movement being pushed on, they found themselves threatened in their rear, when, seeing the danger of being cut off, they at once retreated, running up the mountains as fast as their legs could carry them, not losing a single prisoner.

It must here be observed that, when the 6th Scotch regiment executed their charge and occupied the right-hand side of the town, a similar charge was ordered to be made by a Spanish regiment on the left side; but when the quick and lively notes of the bugle repeatedly sounded the charge, nothing could make them move forward against not a hundred and fifty men, although supported by thirty thousand and every implement of war; yet when the Carlists found it necessary to run away, on account of the movements of the Scotch regiment, who were getting in their rear, then the Christino Spanish regiment *most bravely* ran after their nimble and gallant adversaries, the instant they turned their backs on them, but not before. In vain now did the dull, heavy notes of the bugle con-

tinue sounding the retreat to call them back, as long as they had a flying and non-resisting enemy to contend with : it did put me so much in mind of the pointers and a flock of sheep when field-shooting in England ; as long as the dogs look at them, the sheep stand still, or run away ; but the moment it suits the inclination of the dogs to move off and retreat, then the sheep, with great boldness, immediately run after them, but should the dogs turn round, the sheep run away once more. Two Spanish aides-de-camp were sent after them before they could be induced to stop running after those, who ran away from them, not from fear, but calculation : if the Christino regiment had only had the courage to execute the charge when ordered, and had but acted on calculation and laid aside their fears, they might have had those they were so bravely pursuing in their possession as prisoners, without running after them to no purpose—for a light armed mountaineer, as long as he is unwounded, is not to be caught in his own mountains except you surround him.

Fervently desirous of a speedy termination of this war, disgraceful to Christian nations and the age we live in, the events of this day have left a continued painful impression on my mind: here about seven hundred men defend every spot which is capable of defence, inch by inch, with only musketry, against more than thirty thousand men, with cavalry, with rockets, common and spherical shells, round and grape shot, playing on them, against the Legion, the Royal Woolwich, and the Royal Marine artillery, perfectly fearless of the array brought against them, and not a single prisoner either dead, wounded, or alive is made, except you unburied those who had been deposited in their graves. Even if General Evans had chosen to sacrifice a great many lives by attacking the Venta in front instead of outflanking it, the utmost he could have done would have been to have taken a few wounded prisoners, for the Carlists would have waited until their enemies came within a hundred yards of them, and being mountaineers in their own country, and so lightly

armed, it would have been impossible to overtake them and make prisoners in ground where cavalry could not act. It is almost as difficult to get possession of dead Carlists as living ones; for their custom is this, if a redoubt or any spot is to be defended, and where death must ensue, at some short distance in a woody and retired spot, they dig a long trench, before, or at the very beginning of the conflict, then with incredible quickness, almost in an instant, even when the enemy are advancing on them, they strip the body of the dead man to prevent any of his clothes, &c. being employed and rendered serviceable by the enemy, and immediately deposit him in the ready-made trench, under the idea that the body would be mutilated if it fell into their enemy's hands, though the Christinos have not the disgusting habit of mutilating in the field the dead bodies of their enemies, and cutting off their noses and ears, as the Carlists have*.

* "The bodies of the British found after the action were generally stripped to the skin, the nose, tongue,

At the back of the redoubt mentioned, Colonel Wylde's aid-de-camp discovered a grave with several Carlists in it, who had been buried but a few minutes ; and there was likewise a ready-made trench in the churchyard at Hernani. The Carlists rarely lose their wounded, as the Legion had only the opportunity of taking two in the *field* during the whole war : the moment any one is wounded, the numerous volunteer peasants carry them away on a wooden stretcher into the mountains, far out of the reach of the foe, even if victorious : for the Christino troops dare not enter into the recesses of the mountains, even when they occupy the high roads below them. At about two o'clock Urnieta was taken, and no further advance was made.

and ears cut off, and otherwise horribly mutilated."—*Twelve Months in the British Legion*, p. 252.

The Miguelites appear to have had the same horrid custom. General Shaw says, in his *Memoirs*—"When we got reinforcements, we again advanced and drove the enemy off ; we found they had cut our dead in a horrid manner : they are savages."—Vol. I., p. 168.

The object now was to get possession of Irun and Fuenterrabia, and cut off the communication with France.

My horse having got hurt at Urnieta, much annoyed me at the time, as I did not like being dismounted at the commencement of a series of operations which I had waited so long to witness : but I now consider it a piece of good fortune, as, had I followed on horseback the line of march taken by the Legion, who went by the main road, instead of following the Marines on foot, who passed over the mountains, I should never have witnessed the tremendous and untoward effect of heavy knapsacks, the moment you have to do any work off level or firm ground. From what I had already seen, I was perfectly aware of the great benefits the Carlists derived from making war with the lightest equipment possible, in a country like theirs ; and remembering the advantages of carrying a light burden from a former tour made in Switzerland, when walking over its various mountains, I was determined to be a humble imitator of the Carlists in the preparations I

made for my little campaign on foot. Taking with me merely a small light water-proof cape as the mountain rains are tremendous ; half a broken chevaux-de-frise, for a walking-stick, or weapon of defence ; a small quantity of tea, and several dozen cigars, though I never smoke—as I knew the Marines and Royal Artillery had their rations of biscuit and salt meat, I might be able to make exchanges for any little thing I might want, or give them away for any act of civility. I started from the Passages with the Marines. The men were quite fresh,—out of excellent and comfortable barracks,—and had their breakfast, at the usual hour, before starting, without any hurry. The march was over the mountains, taking the very ground on which the Legion and Marines got so very roughly handled on their first and unsuccessful attack on Fuenterrabia.

As Lord John Hay wished the Marines to arrive before high-water, on the heights above Fuenterrabia—as at that time Her British Majesty's steam frigates—the Phoenix and Salamander—were to open their immense

one-hundred-and-twenty-pound guns of ten inches diameter on Fuenterrabia, to cover the entry of the Spanish gun boats into the bay, who were to invest Fuenterrabia, on the French side, should it eventually be necessary to bombard it,—the first two hours' march was rather quick and pressed. A serjeant of the Royal Artillery had very kindly mounted me on a horse, that had been taken not many weeks before from the enemy, having strayed into Christino ground. We were still on the Passages' side of the convent of the Holy Virgin of Guadalupe, and on ground that had never been occupied without resistance. There was a nasty hanging, high rocky hill in front, where the Carlists might have concealed themselves without being perceived until close on them; and they might from an ambuscade have fired a volley, and then escaped with impunity into Fuenterrabia, without our being able either to punish or catch them. To prevent any accident of this kind, Colonel Owen, who commanded the Marines,—without halting the main body,—ordered the company in ad-

vance to throw themselves forward and extend right and left as skirmishers, and thus get to the top of the rising piece of ground, to be sure that there was no concealed enemy either on its summit or behind it. It was necessary for the company so employed to march at a quickened pace, commonly called double-quick time. Having just been mounted, I rode forward with the skirmishers. They certainly had not been employed at this quickened pace much more than ten minutes, when I heard an officer call out, "Sergeant, keep up your men; look at those men behind, keep them up." "Sir," he replied, "the men say they can go no further; they are falling down, they beg to be halted." "They cannot be halted," was the reply; "the ground must be made good." Those that had sufficient strength moved on; but three or four men fell down from exhaustion and rolled on the grass: one man completely fainted away. Not to break up the line of march, I staid with him, and got off my horse, and in a few minutes mounted him on it. The other

four men, who were not able to march on, were forced to drop into the rear. In about ten minutes the ground was skirmished over; there was no enemy to be seen, and the troops halted to take breath on the summit of the hill, just above the Convent of Guadalupe.

As a body of reserve, the Marines are excellent;—when attacked, superior to anything: but no troops, however gallant and perfect in discipline, are efficient if they have to march over mountains, or ascend them, to attack the enemy, with their knapsacks on their backs. Weight carried slowly up a mountain, or a continuation of hilly country, has the same effect as weight carried on level ground, if you are running: it has the same effect both on man and on animals. Did you ever, at Newmarket, on a horse out of training, though perhaps nearly as well bred, try to follow a horse in training in his gallops?—what would soon be death and destruction, at least a case of dropping down by exhaustion to the one, is but pleasant exercise to the other. Such is about the difference, in comparison of fatigue and inconve-

nience undergone by the mountaineer, in his own native mountains, and an Englishman when transplanted into the regions of Biscay and Navarre. Or, have you ever seen a horse, a complete "*rosse*," as the French call them—a horse not worth 50*l.*, a disgrace to his high pedigree—but handicapped with a light weight on his back—though not half as good—beat a noble, speedy, and courageous animal, worth a 1000 guineas: the base victor, fresh, triumphant, and exulting; the noble conquered, struggling, panting, and almost ready to die? If you have seen this, and some of my readers, like myself, must have seen it often, it is just about the twenty or forty pounds—the disproportion of weight carried by the Carlist and English soldier—that makes the difference, and in this mountain warfare acts nearly in the same way.

In the affair of the 10th of March, it was necessary to dislodge the Carlists from a house on a hill: a party of the Rifles were protected by a sort of ditch, and a constant fire was kept up between themselves and the enemy, who occupied the house, which evidently did but

little harm to either party. It was clear that nothing would dislodge them but a rapid charge with the bayonet. When the word was given, Captain Shepherd, Captain Dawson, and all the officers rushed forward, but only six or seven of the men; the rest would not move. Now, the Rifles were a very brave regiment; even on the unfortunate 16th of March, it was necessary to send two aides-de-camp to Colonel Fortescue before he would obey the order to retreat. Luckily the very appearance of the charge caused the Carlists to give up the house; they ran off, and it was taken possession of without the loss of a man. The officers returned, and reproached the men with cowardice for not following them. Their reply was, "If you had told us we were going to charge, we would only have asked permission to have taken our knapsacks off; we would then have followed you with pleasure, but we cannot charge up hill with them on." This I had from an eye witness*.

* See Appendix, A.

See the lightly-armed Carlist soldier—helmet he has none, not a strap or bit of leather of any kind has he to encumber him. On his head he wears a small, light, round cloth cap of the country—called the *boyna*, or *berêt*, which has been, for a long time, and is, even now, a fashionable head-dress with English ladies; only, when a woman wears it, it is generally made of silk or velvet;—for uniform, he has a plain metal button, on a grey-cloth frock coat, and a pair of linen or cloth trowsers—but there is little uniformity in the colour of the coat or trowsers, as it depends entirely on what the Jews at Bayonne can smuggle over the French frontier. He is armed with a musket, and his cartridge pouch—or *canana*, as they call them—being fixed round his body with a strap, it rather supports than fatigues him. Not one man in five appeared to me to encumber himself with even a scabbard for his bayonet; in the strap which fixes his *canana* round his waist, he would make a hole, and in that stick the bayonet. On their feet they had sometimes shoes, but oftener the

string-made sandal of their country—*alpar-gatas* ; which travellers, who have been no further than the baths of Bagneres de Bigorre, or de Luchon in the French Pyrenees, must have observed was worn by their mountain guides in preference to the shoe.

While our poor fellows — heavily and stiffly armed, with their sack-clad backs, and a banging strap over their shoulders, to hold their cartridge pouch, and another to hold their bayonet — are panting, sighing, and almost dropping from exhaustion — scarce able to move for want of breath, either when attacking, or pursuing the enemy — the Carlist soldier—the bravest, the most terrible, the most active mountain enemy in the world—lightly equipped, and with no incumbrances, with impunity attacks or retreats, as best suits his inclination, from his heavy-clad foes, with a consciousness of superiority which he is not wrong in possessing*.

* “ Let the enemy take what direction he would, messengers, who, in the most favourable ground for the

With what perfect contempt do the Carlists treat their enemies : they can allow themselves to be apparently surrounded, and when there is just one little open corner left, they run off at last, dashing up the mountains, without ever losing a man ; while artillery, cavalry, and every engine of war is of no avail. The only thing a Carlist fears, is to be caught on a high-road, or level ground, where cavalry can act ; or be exposed in the field to spherical shells—for as they burst in the air, they shoot backwards and forwards, right and left, upwards and downwards:—but it is the power of backward firing that utterly disconcerts them ; as getting behind a tree,

rapid march of the Queen's troops, would always gain two hours in six, preceded them like their shadows. These two hours, in a country where in most places only half-an-hour's start, on account of the nature of the roads, renders it impossible to overtake with any body of men those who choose to escape, left it entirely at the option of the Carlists to fight or fly, and to form their combinations accordingly." —*Henningsen's Campaign*, Vol. I., p. 114.

parapet, or barricade, not only gives them no protection, but makes them a surer mark. It is exactly this hide-behind-something warfare that they delight in, from which they can either pounce on their enemy or spring away from him, as best suits their purpose.

It is not the first time that I have come in contact with the Basque peasantry. I admired their character, for I was not then aware of their extreme cruelty. Some years since, before this unfortunate war began, having bought a horse in the interior of France, I rode to all the baths of the Pyrenees, Cauteret, Barrèges, Bagnère de Bigorre, and Bagnères de Luchon. These places being situated within two or three leagues of the Spanish frontier, I have ridden over almost every mountain pass in the Pyrenees, which leads into Spain.

The French and the Spanish Basque peasant speak the same language, though they generally understand the respective language of the country they belong to, in addition to their mountain tongue. They

have a mutual, kindly, and friendly feeling towards each other; as their pursuits are the same, and they both gain much money by violating the revenue laws, the feeling of all the French-frontier towns and villages is decidedly in favour of the Carlist cause.

I will agree with every thing Lord Carnarvon says, as to the Basques being a happy and most contented people—that they have excellent municipal institutions—that they are laborious, hospitable, and kind to their friends, but woe to their enemies—that their country is the picture of industry, richness, and productiveness, as well as of neat and careful mountain cultivation—that they are bold, active, daring, and regardless of death. I will even admit more; that it is the only part of Spain you can travel in, in safety. While the Carlists had uninterrupted possession of the great road from Irun to Hernani and Tolosa, any one might have travelled with one purse of gold on his head and another in his hand, without being robbed of it: it being only necessary to have, as guide, some one of the country,

to prove that you had permission of the Carlist authorities to be there.

Had Lord Palmerston, instead of using the term of "Don Carlos and his armed banditti," said, "Don Carlos and his armed band of smugglers," he would have been quite right: they entirely partake of the character of the smuggler, in general, whether he be English, French, Dutch, or Spanish—kind to their friends and neighbours—honest in their transactions, except towards the revenue; but if their own father, mother, or children, try to thwart them in their smuggling trade, they will, like Ximenes, whose story is recorded by Captain Henningsen, Vol. II., p. 281, give information which will lead to the death and butchery of their own flesh and blood. It appears, from *Conder's Modern Traveller*, that the bands of the "army of the Faith," in Ferdinand's time, otherwise called royalist volunteers, were chiefly composed of these desperate characters, and we know it is the remains of this army of the faith that formed the bands of Don Carlos. Of their kindness, forethought,

and attention to the wants and wishes of their neighbours and friends, however cruel they may be to their enemies, the defence of the Venta of Hernani and Urnieta, against an overwhelming army, furnished with every implement of war, gives a memorable example. How different it is to the general conduct of the Christinos. The master of the inn at Hernani, who remained there, informed us, that the determination of Don Sebastian to abandon the Hernani lines was so sudden and so perfectly unknown to the inhabitants, that they had not time to remove any thing, and the outcry raised by the inhabitants when they found themselves abandoned was tremendous, for they felt they were deserted, without notice, and sacrificed. The Carlist commanders then promised to defend the Venta, to give them time to carry off their goods and chattels to Tolosa, risking their lives in the defence of the Venta for no other purpose. Animals being scarce, they had a battalion of infantry given them, to help them to convey their effects away ; and they had the only squadron of cavalry

the Carlists. possessed likewise given them, to serve as escort and assistance. Urnieta was merely defended for an hour against an overwhelming force, to give their friends and neighbours time to arrive in safety at Tolosa, so that our cavalry could not make a dash forwards and overtake the inhabitants and their effects on the high road.

But, to return to our position on the mountains. After having passed the Guadalupe convent, a number of mountain peasantry were seen behind a house at some distance, and a party of blue jackets were ordered to bring them in as prisoners. The usual questions in war were asked them by Colonel Colquhoun, "Whether there were any
" Carlists on the hills? How long it was since
" the ground we were on had been occupied
" by them? The strength of the garrison at
" Irun and Fuenterrabia?" They were then told by Colonel Colquhoun to bring in any arms if they had them in their houses, for if concealed arms were found in them, or any act of treachery committed, every farm-house would be set fire to, and every man shot :

but if they behaved peaceably, their property and persons would be respected : they were then made to understand, they were at liberty to go away in security to their respective houses.

Remembering I possessed nothing to eat for dinner, and a good many of the officers appeared to me to be nearly in the same condition, I told the peasants anything they brought would be taken at a fair price. So quickly was confidence established, that they soon produced us chickens, eggs, and milk. I bought a very fine chicken, but had no means of cooking it, and the peasant it was bought of had his mountain cottage about four hundred yards distant from our advanced post. Having no remedy but to trust myself in his clutches, and enter into the lion's den, I made a bargain with him for an earthen pot, not only to cook it in, but to take it away afterwards, and I staid to stew it in his house for about an hour, putting in a little sea-biscuit. I then thought I never tasted a better dish in my life, so good a *chef de cuisine* is hunger. We

bivouacked for the night in the convent of Guadalupe, the marines and sailors sleeping in the stable and on the stone floor of the chapel; the officers of the marines, the navy, the royal artillery, and engineers, sleeping on the floor of a large boarded room. As there were a great many of us, it was not so cold as I expected. I had given particular directions to the Carlist peasant, in whose house my chicken was cooked, to tell all his neighbours how well and punctually every thing had been paid for, and to be sure to come again next morning by day-light. Amongst other things, he brought me a cup of clotted cream for my breakfast, which he would not dispose of to any one else. Confidence was so entirely established, that peasants came in every direction at day-light, even from the ground below, which was in the possession of the enemy, and brought us milk, cream, eggs, poultry, and young lambs and kids alive. When we began our march, the outside of the convent had quite the appearance of a market-place or fair.

The peasantry appeared to be well off, and to possess sheep, cows, poultry, and horses, though almost every horse had been driven away, in case they should be taken possession of for the use of the army.

The kindness and humanity displayed by the Legion at the taking of Fuenterrabia and Irun I have already shewn, in the facts put together to refute the charges of cruelty brought against them. As the other details of the bravery and good conduct of the troops before Fuenterrabia and Irun have all been so lately published in the newspapers, I will not repeat a more than thrice-told tale: yet, in spite of their humanity and good conduct, the *Morning Post* of Saturday, May 20th, that veracious Carlist-Tory organ, announces the intelligence, and comments on the conduct of their brave and kind-hearted countrymen, by saying, that the “ scenes of massacre and pillage “ which took place disgraced the British “ name;” and, in addition to these false accusations of cruelty, the Tory press had the impudence to state, after the places were

taken, that the Carlists never thought of defending Fuenterrabia and Irun, and therefore there was no merit in taking them. Now in the *Morning Post* of May the 10th, what letter does the *Post* itself publish; written by its correspondent, who had been in the Christino-camp, and had passed over with what he learnt there to the camp of the enemy? These letters are a rich treat, and well worth reading. In one of them, dated Fuenterrabia, Thursday night, May 11th, only a few days before it was taken, he says, "As General Evans is very anxious to enter the place, and as I believe he will not have that chance, perhaps he will be contented to learn the description of its present condition from the latest English visitant;" and he then goes on giving various details of its great strength; and in a letter dated Irun, Friday morning, May 12th, describing Irun, he says, "There is a fort irregularly constructed, but still of immense force, commanding the approach on one side; the streets are effectually barricaded, so as to retire from one point to the other; the

“ houses are well loop-holed and fortified
“ for mischief, if any be intended on this
“ side. The projected attack is the constant
“ theme of speculation, and great confidence
“ is expressed as to the result ; although the
“ numerical force of the Christinos is ad-
“ mitted to be far superior, the deficiency in
“ numbers is made up by ardent feeling—
“ even the women and children have volun-
“ teered their aid: the care of the wounded,
“ by their removal from the field of strife, in
“ order not to diminish the strength of the
“ troops, will be undertaken by the women.”

It must have been a bitter pill for the *Morning Post* to swallow, for all these prophecies were published on Friday, May the 19th, and on the very next morning, on Saturday, May 20th, it was forced to announce, that a telegraphic dispatch had arrived, and that both places had been captured. When I read the letters on my return to St. Sebastian, I could not help thinking once more of the advice of my friend, the correspondent of a leading Morning Journal, given me at Madrid:—“ Let no man ever think of writing

“ home any prophecies of what is likely to
 “ happen in Spain, these Spaniards are such
 “ an incomprehensible people; for one morn-
 “ ing your prophecy is announced with
 “ much solemnity and commented on, and
 “ the very next day, if not the same day,
 “ perhaps in a second edition, a telegraphic
 “ dispatch proclaims to the public your
 “ ignorance, and covers you with ridicule;
 “ let every one in Spain content himself
 “ with relating past events, without trying
 “ to prophecy about the future.”

It was on Sunday, the 14th of May, that
 General Evans quitted St. Sebastian, and on
 the Sunday following re-entered it, having
 taken Hernani, Irun, and Fuenterrabia. The
 distance from Irun to St. Sebastian is about
 fifteen miles. While on the march, one act of
 Carlist audacity and impudence amused me
 much: we were about ten thousand men,
 with cavalry, artillery, and rockets, and
 had about eight hundred prisoners with us,
 who had formed the garrison of Fuenterra-
 bia and Irun, and a good many of the
 wounded men were in the hospital carts. I

was riding by the side of General Evans and General Jarregui (the Pastor, as he is called, from his having once been a shepherd) ; if I remember right, it was between Oyarzun and Astirargarga, where a single Carlist peasant had the audacity to stand in a kind of garden, a few hundred yards from the line of march, and let fly a single shot at the Generals and their staff, and then start off into the mountains : owing to the nature of the ground, the whole ten thousand men could not have made him prisoner.

After a week of most extraordinary inactivity, as every hour was precious,—it being known that the object of Don Carlos was an attempt on Valencia or Madrid, most likely both,—at daylight, on the morning of Monday, the 29th of May, the troops, about thirty thousand strong, were ordered to march from Hernani towards Andoain, and make a forward movement. The plan laid down was this :—Espartero was to advance with about twenty thousand men, consisting of all the Spanish Guards and best regiments,

and march towards Pampeluna; then manœuvre his force in any direction he might think most likely to counteract the plans of Don Carlos in his projected march.

It is with these troops that Espartero has since entered Madrid, and eventually has forced Don Carlos to recross the Ebro. Andoain was taken without much resistance, though General Gurrea was killed by a volley from a parapet, exposing himself, I thought, without any necessity. His loss was most severely felt by General Evans, Lord John Hay, and Colonel Wylde, as they had, most deservedly, the highest opinion of his bravery, his honesty, and his talents. One of his sons was aid-de-camp to General Evans; he has every requisite for making an excellent soldier. General Evans had four Spanish aides-de-camp, all extremely brave and active in the field — “*similes cum similibus.*” No man, that did not possess a perfect disregard of life, could remain on the staff of a general who exposed his person as General Evans did, on every occasion.

My instructions were, not to be tempted to pass Andoain to witness any of the fighting in the mountains, for as the army was to separate in two divisions there, if I went on, I should most likely not be able to get back again to St. Sebastian with the division that returned, in order to remain under the orders of General Evans.

For full three hours I was lying on a hill, within three hundred yards of the Church of Andoain, where our countrymen, one hundred and twenty-seven men and thirteen officers, have, since that period, after having capitulated, been most foully murdered. I long to hear the Carlist-Tory defence of it in the House of Commons, or a Carnarvon defence of it in the House of Lords*.

* The correspondent of the *Morning Chronicle* says, in a letter, dated Madrid, November 11th, 1837: "I have just seen a letter from an officer, who has read, at Logrono, all the correspondence found on Messrs. Grunison and Henningsen, when taken by the National Guards and confined in prison there. One of the letters, he states, was from Arias, Minister of State to Don Carlos, addressed to an English Lord (Carnarvon), thanking him

On this hill I witnessed the distant fighting in the mountains: about three thousand Carlists, with much gallantry and perseverance, hanging on the rear and annoying the flanks of Espartero's twenty thousand men. I then took great pains to inquire the real strength and situation of Andoain, as a military post; because I was told that it was not our intention to continue to occupy Andoain. At first the resolution struck me as extraordinary, knowing that there was scarce a single Carlist at that time in the neighbourhood, as the three or four thousand men had followed Espartero, to harass his rear, on their march, over the mountains, to Pampeluna: but it was clearly explained, that Andoain being seated in a hole, and having a narrow river within four hundred yards of the church, over which they could

for his "book," and great exertions in his "majesty's behalf" *in parliament*. The letter is written in the minister's own hand-writing, in very indifferent French, and concludes by apologies for the "Durango decree." The document was found in the possession of Mr. Henningsen, and is now in the hands of Espartero.

not throw an advanced post and keep a look out, owing to the superior bravery and activity of the Carlists, that it was liable to be attacked in the rear, and the communications with Urnieta and Hernani cut off: in fact, that it was, as a military position, perfectly untenable.

As this was the universal conversation at St. Sebastian, not only fully explained to me, but perfectly understood by every one, the moment it was known that the Legion had, in September, advanced on Andoain, I mentioned to a military friend of mine it would be cut off: and when a telegraphic despatch arrived, announcing the fact without giving any details, I at once took my pencil out, and from what I had learnt at St. Sebastian, and which details were publicly known to every one, was enabled to mark out the spot where the Carlists had erected their concealed battery during the night, and the place where they had crossed in the rear to cut the Christino force in two.

The public have a right to know by whose orders one million of cartridges, one hundred

and fifty tents, belonging to the British government, one hundred and seventy rockets furnished by them, and the horses and camp equipage of the Legion, contrary to the rules of war, were sent to the very extreme advanced post; so advanced, that neither on the right flank, or in front, could you even have a picquet. When, by keeping all these "*munitions de guerre*" only at the distance of six miles, at Hernani, they were in a town that was impregnable against surprise, and not to be taken until the naturally and now strongly fortified hill of the Venta was occupied, and the then even stronger fortified heights of Santa Barbara, on the right of the Andoain road, and a strong redoubt and battery erected on the hill, on the left of the road. I say, the public have a right to know through whose permission, authority, or ignorance, so large a body of military stores were, contrary to the rules of war and common sense, allowed to be put in so dangerous and untenable a position. My decided opinion is, that there was treachery somewhere, and certainly O'Donnell is no traitor.

It appears to be in the colonels of some of the regiments that the treachery existed. In the first place, there was the Infanta regiment, who behaved so infamously and ran away, throwing down their arms when the enemy were not within half-a-mile of them, and all the rest of the Spanish troops almost immediately followed their cowardly example. The Spaniards say, in their defence, that they lost forty-seven officers in the affair, and that is very true; but the greater half were killed or wounded either by our own men, or the Chapelgorris. The Lancers of the Legion pursued the Spanish officers that were running away, and knocked them down with their lances or struck them; and the Sixth Scotch regiment fired on them. Each party, generally, when they got hold of any of them, cut off their epaulettes, to let the inhabitants of Hernani and St. Sebastian see what shameful cowardice they had been guilty of.

About Monday, the 29th of May, when riding towards Astirargarga, to pay a visit and take leave of some officers whom I had

to thank for much kindness, when approaching Hernani, I heard a sound of bells on the heights of Santa Barbara, and there was a great stir and movement among the troops. My first impression was, that it was an alarm, that the enemy had been seen in the distance from the heights; but, on inquiry, found, that a most pompous and victorious dispatch of the affair at Huesca had been received, announcing that Don Carlos was shut up in it, and would be made prisoner immediately. I was much amused by some of the field officers of the Legion saying to me, "Well, in all probability the war will be over in a few days, and Colonel Wylde and General Evans think there will most likely be no necessity to form a new English Legion, but the English officers that like to enter into the Spanish service will have every facility given them." It was impossible to help smiling at their credulity. "How can you be so ridiculous," was my reply, "as to believe Christino despatches? Have not the Carlist mountaineers given you sufficient proof of their superior bravery and

“ activity ? you ought to know that they can
“ and will take their bayonets, and go
“ through any line of Christino troops that
“ can be opposed to them, whenever they
“ please.” And so the event proved :—the
delusion only lasted twenty-four hours ; for
the next day a letter was received, I think
from an aid-de-camp of Colonel Wylde’s,
mentioning that although the Christino
troops behaved with the greatest bravery
—for on that day all accounts agree in
stating that they fought splendidly, and that
the conduct of the French Foreign Legion
was above all praise—yet nothing could
resist the courage and strength of the
Carlists. Here the Queen’s bravest General,
Irribaren, lost his life by a lance-wound.

I do not remember another battle on
record where a General-in-chief has been
killed by any thing but a missile : the fray
here was so furious and close, that he was
killed by a lance, fighting hand to hand
with the enemy. The Carlists were in a
few days again surrounded by General Oraa
at Barbastro, and were forced to come to the

determination of once more cutting their way through their enemies. Even at the very commencement of the attack, the Spanish troops fled, but the foreign Algerine Legion, although shamefully deserted, fought with such desperation, hand to hand with the enemy in the streets, that their gallant Colonel Conrad was killed, and every field officer either killed or wounded, and the Legion itself almost annihilated. The Queen's troops behaved most shamefully; had they done their duty half as well as the Foreign Legion, Don Carlos would most likely have been taken prisoner. I cannot better shew the infamous nature of their conduct, than by transcribing the order of the day published by General Oraa himself*; yet these troops have on several occasions, and only a few days before, fought most gallantly. As already stated, you never know when Spanish troops will fight, which renders them so difficult to command. From this accusation must be excepted the Chapelgorris, who are *volunteers*, and all the regiments of the Spanish Guard

See Appendix B.

who have on every occasion conducted themselves as soldiers ought. So have some regiments of the line, more particularly the Princessa regiment, who, after the defeat of the 16th of March, sent to General Evans to say, they were sorry and ashamed of their conduct, and begged to volunteer their services to form the advanced guard of any future attack.

Nothing but illusions and delusions continued to exist at St. Sebastian about the real state of the war: singular as it may appear, there was no place where more ignorance was shewn of the nature and probable duration of this most extraordinary conflict than at St. Sebastian itself*. It was observed one day, in the course of conversation, how wretchedly the Legion

* At Vittoria, when the Legion were there, it was the same. An officer of the Quarter-Master-General's staff, writes, January 12th, 1835,—“What the mere soldier may have principally to regret is, that the war will, in consequence of their arrival [that of the French Foreign Legion at Vittoria], be finished too soon; in truth, the game is now nearly up with Don Carlos.

were lodged on the lines, and how they suffered by the wet and cold, the rain coming into their quarters in every direction. "Well," they said, "as the winter is past, it is of no consequence." I could not help asking, "What will you do another winter?" When a person holding a high command in Her British Majesty's service, with a voice

From Pampeluna to Medina del Pomar the *cordon* has been established [this alludes to Cordova's famous and ridiculous blockade system], which shuts him completely into the mountains, and we shall move gradually and slowly on, driving them before us. Estella, Durango, and what other few places of any strength they at present hold, must, of necessity, fall into our hands, until, in the end, they will not have a single roof under which to shelter themselves, or a depôt whence to draw their supplies."—Vide *Journal of the Movements of the British Legion, by an Officer late of the Quarter-Master-General's Staff*.

And the illusions and delusions on the other side were equally strong; about this period Salvatierra was evacuated.—"When bets ran high in our (the Carlist) army, that in less than six weeks we should be in Madrid, and any odds would have been given that we were there in two months."—Vide *A Campaign with Zumalacarreghi, by Captain Henningsen, Vol. II., p. 230*.

shewing much contempt and pity at my ignorance as to what turn the war was likely to take, exclaimed, "Another winter " indeed!" I said nothing, but thought of General Alava's expression to me in 1833, "*La Biscaye, c'est la Vendée, de l'Espagne.*" I now see, from the *Morning Chronicle*, that the Christinos are driven back within the Hernani lines, and forced to press peasants into the service, and work at them night and day, to put them in repair, and are expecting to be attacked by superior forces.

On Sunday, the 4th of June, I quitted St. Sebastian, and arrived at Bayonne; here the same ridiculous scenes of illusions and delusions existed, the Carlist Spaniards there declaring, that nothing could prevent Don Carlos entering Madrid and finishing the war; they considered their cause as already triumphant, the Christinos, on the contrary, prophesying that he was ruined. On the day I left Bayonne, Tuesday, the 6th of June, the Carlist party offered a bet of one hundred and twenty thousand francs that Don Carlos would be in Madrid by the 15th or 25th of July, I forget which; the names of the Car-

list party were concealed, but M. Rodriguez, a well-known banker at Bayonne, was answerable for the money; and three Christinos, whose names I likewise forget, but they were publicly known, deposited forty thousand francs each in the hands of the banker, and made up the sum required. On my arrival in Paris, I found the same difference of opinion as to the state of the war. The first week in July, I met with some Carlist Spaniards at Baden-Baden, who, during my stay of ten days, announced, as positive and sure, the approaching entry of Don Carlos, not only into Valencia, but also into Madrid, and they, like the Carlists of Bayonne, felt sure of his immediate triumph.

On the 27th of July I arrived at Munich; during my visit there, I had a long conversation with a member of the diplomatic corps. The latest news then known in that quarter was, that Don Carlos threatened Valencia, and would eventually make an attempt on Madrid. On assuring his Excellency, that however brave and active the Carlists were, they had no chance of

entering Valencia, and that as to Madrid, any one might, with safety, stake his head against nothing, that they had not even the slightest chance ; that the sentiments of the National Guards at Madrid were well known, that I had seen them tried, that they were eleven thousand strong, that whatever they might like or dislike, there was at least one thing certain, that they hated the name of Don Carlos, the Monks, and the Inquisition : that if Espartero did not make his appearance even for many days, they alone could and would defend Madrid, and the instant he did come up with the Spanish Guards, of whom I had the highest opinion, the Carlists would be too glad to get away as fast as they could. In spite of the confidence with which my opinions were given, I could not help observing on his Excellency's countenance, so strong a smile of disbelief and incredulity, that I inquired of him, if he had received any courier, or telegraphic dispatch, with some important news in favour of the Carlist cause ? He replied, " I hope you are right, " but I will tell you, we have just had a

“ certain person here, who is not only
“ reckoned the cleverest, but the best in-
“ formed man in Europe ; so cautious and
“ silent on what is likely to take place, that
“ he scarce ever gives his opinion—but if he
“ does foretel any event, it is almost looked
“ upon as a certainty that it will happen
“ according to his prophecy : now I will not
“ conceal from you, that we have just had
“ here the famous Prince Metternich, and he
“ made no secret of it, but openly declared,
“ in conversation, that it was all up with the
“ Queen’s cause, that there was no army to
“ oppose Don Carlos, that there was no
“ obstacle, that nothing could prevent his
“ entering Madrid, and he considered the
“ question as settled in favour of Don Car-
“ los.” Oh ! thought I to myself, once more,
the danger of prophesying about Spanish
affairs. Well, I at once forgave those that
believed that there would be no need to
form a new Legion, that their services would
be no longer required, that Don Carlos
would be taken prisoner at Huesca, and the
war be at an end. I forgave those that

thought that the St. Sebastian lines would not be wanted another winter: you may conceive how easily the Carlists were forgiven the loss of their bet of one hundred and twenty thousand francs. I forgave any body and every body, their illusions and delusions, their calculations and miscalculations, about Spanish affairs, when the infallible Prince Metternich, the oracle of diplomatists, statesmen, and kings, had been humbugged by the Carlists out of his money, and had got Russia and Prussia, in connection with Austria, to advance a million of francs each (£.40,000) for six months certain, the last month's payment, of £.120,000*,

* "By a singular chance of war, a correspondence between three of the great northern powers and Don Carlos has been intercepted, which throws a light upon the means by which that Prince has been enabled to sustain his claim to the throne of Spain, against the efforts used by the four contracting powers to drive him from the kingdom. By these letters, one of which is in the hand-writing of one of the sovereigns, it appears that each of the parties have engaged to contribute £.40,000 sterling a month, for six months, five of which payments have already been made, and the last will be due in September."—*Globe Newspaper*, August, 1837.

being due the 1st of September—Don Carlos's envoys having promised and affirmed that with that money their master could arm, pay, and equip his troops in such a way as to be sure of entering Madrid.

It appears that, in opposition to the open and avowed quadruple alliance of England, France, Spain, and Portugal, there has been a secret quadruple despotic alliance—Austria, Russia, and Prussia, undertaking to furnish a subsidy of money, and Sardinia to land engineer officers, ammunition, and different stores, on the coast. Happy, most happy am I, that they have expended their money and supplies in vain, and that this expedition, instead of benefiting their cause, has utterly destroyed it ; for it gave a fair opportunity to the partisans of Don Carlos to join him, and declare in his favour, wherever he had any. This forward march to the very gates of Madrid, must have proved to every one open to conviction, and the evidence of facts, that five-sixths of Spain are against acknowledging the claim and banner

of Don Carlos, on which is written Despotism and the Inquisition*, and in favour of the claim and banner of the Queen, on which *must* be written the Guarantees of Constitutional Liberty, Freedom of Discussion, and the Freedom of the Press.

The most natural way of commencing a plain and easily-comprehended analysis of the Spanish War, is, by at once stating, in the shortest form possible, on whose side the balance of evidence appears to preponderate, as far as the mere question of the respective legitimacy of each party is concerned. The argument has been reduced to the fewest

* “ It is notorious that when, a short time since, and at a moment of his greatest necessity, Don Carlos was offered the assistance of Austria (which would have been followed by that of other powers), but upon the condition of his promising not to re-establish the Inquisition, he *refused* assistance coupled with such conditions.”—*Spanish Policy*, p. 120.

words, by the *Westminster Review*, and I will, for that reason, extract the passage :

“ Carlos’s pretended right rests upon the
 “ Salic law, which had never the force of
 “ law in Spain. The Salic law was not the
 “ *ancient* rule of succession ; it was *first* in-
 “ troduced by the Bourbon, Philip V., the
 “ great grandfather of Don Carlos. *Females*
 “ could always succeed in Castille, Leon,
 “ and Portugal. It was by a marriage with
 “ the *heiress* of Navarre that a king of France
 “ obtained a claim to that kingdom ; and
 “ although females were excluded in Arra-
 “ gon, yet it was through a *princess* that its
 “ inheritance passed to the Counts of Cata-
 “ lonia. It was by the right of *female* succes-
 “ sion, that the House of Austria reigned in
 “ Spain : it was by the *same* right, that the
 “ Bourbons themselves occupied the throne.
 “ It formed a part of the *Partidas*, or sys-
 “ tem of constitutional law, which Philip
 “ swore to observe on his succession to the
 “ throne.

“ The Salic law could only be established
 “ in two ways : by the old forms of the

“ constitution, or by the despotic will of the
 “ sovereign. If the advocates of Don Carlos
 “ take their stand on the former ground, the
 “ answer is, that the forms as well as the
 “ substance of the Constitution were violated
 “ when Philip V. established his law of
 “ agnation; and that, conscious of its in-
 “ validity, he did not register it in the form
 “ usual with similar acts: while again, if we
 “ pass over the Cortes of 1789 as secret and
 “ irregular, we have the Cortes of Cadiz in
 “ 1812, representing the nation, and acting
 “ in the name of the King, which abolished
 “ the decree of Philip, restored the ancient
 “ law *de Partidas*, and re-established the
 “ right of *female* succession to the crown.
 “ Finally, the decree of Ferdinand, consti-
 “ tuting his daughter his successor, was
 “ just as regularly sanctioned by a Cortes as
 “ Philip’s law of agnation. If, on the other
 “ hand, the sovereign’s will be regarded as
 “ despotic in Spain, the question is at an
 “ end; for Carlos must confess that Ferdi-
 “ nand had a right to rule the succession as
 “ he liked; and this view seems to have

“ been taken by the King’s confessor and
 “ his minister Calomarde, when, during his
 “ dangerous illness at La Granja, in 1832,
 “ they seduced him to sign a new will,
 “ settling the crown on Don Carlos. Ferdi-
 “ nand’s recovery disconcerted their plan ;
 “ but their effort plainly shews, that the par-
 “ tisans of Don Carlos, at that time, felt that
 “ the Salic law was a very weak support to
 “ their favourite’s claims. If Carlos appeals
 “ to the constitution, the question is decided
 “ against him ; the will of the sovereign is
 “ against him ; and what is of far more
 “ importance than either, a majority of the
 “ nation is against him.”

The author of a “ *Summer in Spain* ” takes much the same view of the question :

“ I confess,” he says, “ I cannot see, that
 “ Don Carlos has any *right*, either human or
 “ divine, to the throne of Spain. The Salic
 “ law, so far from being the ancient rule of
 “ succession, was introduced little more than
 “ a century ago, by a *foreigner*, Philip V.,
 “ the great grandfather of the pretender.
 “ As a proof that it never prevailed in Spain

“ before that period, it is only necessary to
 “ mention that Philip *himself* succeeded to
 “ the throne in right of his *mother*. The
 “ Salic law was introduced in an arbitrary
 “ manner by that prince and his council,
 “ without the convocation of the Cortes ; its
 “ sole object being to exclude the Houses
 “ of Austria and Savoy, and to secure the
 “ Spanish throne to the House of Bourbon.
 “ This innovation, which can scarcely be
 “ termed legal, was repealed by the late King
 “ and Cortes of the kingdom; and surely no
 “ one can deny their *right* to do so. Don
 “ Carlos, however, admits the right of his
 “ great grandfather, Philip V., to make a
 “ law, which he denies the right of his
 “ brother Ferdinand to repeal. Such is the
 “ reasoning of princes !”

Thus, as far as the decision of the lawyer
 or historian is concerned, nothing can be
 clearer than the balance of legitimacy being
 in favour of the Queen : but I do not mean
 to found any argument on the balance of
 legitimacy, or the bravery of the Basques, or
 the nature of their privileges; but will allow

whatever suits the wishes and views of any of my readers: for had it been a private affair—a question of entailed property—then each of the claimants to the throne of Spain would have had a sufficient case to go before a jury.

I perfectly agree with the author of the well-known pamphlet on Spanish Policy, wherein he says, “ that the affairs of private “ life are no bad guidance for the manage- “ ment of public affairs.” I ask, therefore, any member, Whig, Tory, or Radical, of either House of Parliament, if amale entail had existed in his family for many generations, and himself and his sons had been brought up with the ideas that they were the legitimate heirs at the death of the then existing possessor, should he leave no son ; and if their brother tried to cut off the male entail, and leave it to a daughter, and make it pass in the female line, would not they have thought it a duty they owed to their children not to allow what had been considered their birthright to be taken away

from them without some trial on the subject? Would not they have appealed to the tribunals of the country, and have caused a jury to be impanelled, to decide the question? No one can lay his hand on his heart, and say, he would not. The world is unfortunately so constituted, that where individuals go to law, princes go to war. Thus, the qualification of Don Carlos, to offer himself as candidate for the Spanish throne, was that he was a Bourbon, and that as the French Bourbons had reigned in Spain since the year 1700, and had introduced with them the Salic law, the law of their family, it was not in the power of his brother Ferdinand, a Bourbon himself, to alter a fundamental law of his own family, and thus abrogate the Salic law.

The qualification of the Queen to offer herself as a candidate for the throne of Spain, acting as Regent in the name of her daughter, is, that her husband, being a despotic sovereign, had a right to return to the ancient law of succession in Spain; and it being

registered and approved of by the Cortes, in the due and accustomed forms required, made her claim doubly valid.

The will of Ferdinand has cast a crown on the ground, and the country is called upon to decide the question, and the dispute has summoned an armed jury of Don Carlos' countrymen ; full five-sixths of his countrymen so summoned, have decided against him, which I shall hereafter prove. I do not blame Don Carlos for trying the question, as princes are obliged to try such questions by an appeal to arms ; but I blame him for endeavouring to force his claim by murder and assassination of every kind ; his motto should have been, "*Dieu et mon Droit* ;" he should have made war as princes do, and not as cannibals, assassins, or bands of smugglers. A fair wager of battle should ensue ; to whom is to belong the crown, is the point to be decided by the Spanish nation, and I cannot deny to that nation, and every inhabitant of it, the entire and perfect liberty to declare for whatever party he pleases, be his reasons

what they may. We shall have to examine, after four years' war, on which side the majority is, for whom it has declared itself, and of what elements both the majority and minority are composed.

The late Bishop of Norwich used to say, That many senior wranglers came up to him from Cambridge for ordination, who knew less of the Scriptures than girls of twelve years of age. Ignorance on one subject, and learning on another, we often find blended together in a way that is almost miraculous ; and the real or pretended ignorance that has been put forth by some persons, even by Members of Parliament, who were bound to know something about the Spanish war, has been past all conception.

To make the relative merits of the Spanish question understood by all classes and ages of my readers, however obscure their understanding may be, either from ignorance, want of education, want of knowledge, or by the bias and prejudice of strong party feelings, which doth blind more than

anything, I will try to reduce the different Spanish parties and partisans, their rank and calling in life, to English terms, positions, and ideas, and thus try to make the real merits of this much misunderstood Spanish question easily comprehended by every one who does wish to arrive at the fair truth, whether it agrees with, or is contrary to, his political wishes or party feelings.

Every Englishman is supposed to have a tolerable correct idea of what class of persons the British House of Peers is composed. Well, in Spain, the same class of people exists, and their number amounts to about two hundred and fifty; fifty of them are Grandees of Spain, which may be said to represent our marquesses and dukes; the remaining two hundred of the nobility are a grade lower, and represent the earls, viscounts, and barons, of our House of Peers. Of this titled aristocracy of Spain, I believe only five or six, of the entire two hundred and fifty, protested against the rights of the Queen. Out of the whole

of the Spanish nobility, up to this hour, not twelve have ranged themselves on the side of Don Carlos.

At a large conservative dinner held in Norfolk, during the month of October, different devices and mottoes, thought to be strongly emblematic of Tory principles, were placed round the dining-room. Some of the Loftus family being present, their motto was displayed, and on a banner was written, "*Loyal au mort.*" I should think the correct reading ought to be, "*Loyal à la mort.*" It matters not which, as either suits equally well: with either reading, its meaning is much the same as the French Carlist motto of "*Le Roi quand même.*" It was this loyalty even unto death (*à la mort*), or loyalty to him that is dead (*au mort*); it was this wish and desire, this loyal feeling, "*quand même,*" this Tory principle, that caused more than nine-tenths of the Spanish nobles to range themselves under the banner of the Queen, in order, as loyal or Tory subjects, to do all that lay in their power

to carry into execution the last and dying wishes of their departed sovereign, conceiving that he had the full and legitimate power to change the order of succession, by reverting to the ancient fundamental law of Spain, which allowed a daughter to inherit. "*Loyal au mort*," was their device and principle of action, and yet the Tories in England, although nine-tenths of the aristocracy declared in favour of the Queen's rights, throw their support and moral countenance on the side of the assassin of their countrymen. You have in England the gentlemen of English counties, commonly called country gentlemen—those who, by their landed estate and position in society, are eligible, both by law and public opinion, to offer themselves as candidates for their respective counties, or by their property are qualified to fill the office either of sheriff or deputy-lieutenant—even of this class more than ninety out of a hundred are in favour of the Queen. A most intelligent English merchant (with whom I had long and repeated conversations on

the subject of this war), who had resided at Bilbao many years, and who was perfectly acquainted with every detail of the contest in the Basque provinces, assured me, that even in these very Basque provinces, Don Carlos had only five or six of the gentlemen, landed proprietors, in his favour; the Marquess de Valdespeñas, and the Duke of Granada, being the principal ones; and that even in this, his own strong hold, much more than ninety out of a hundred of the gentlemen proprietors were against him, and that the war had lately assumed an entire new feature; that now the Carlists in the provinces were not only urged on by fanaticism, and the defence of their right of smuggling—for Don Carlos, finding the principal land-owners, the gentry, and nobility, were against him, had promised the different peasants and farmers to confiscate their estates and give the lands to them in perpetuity, which they now hold only as tenants: they have for four years paid no rent to their landlords. This is the reason why the farmers and peasants can and do

furnish such large contributions to Don Carlos without grumbling.

Tories of England, you have your divine Almacks, which is essentially Tory, that is, *exclusive*; you there have the *élite*, the privileged of the land, the titled and untitled. Of the representatives of this very class of people in Spain, ninety out of a hundred are in favour of the Queen. You have your regiments of the British Guards, you have your household Brigade, you know of whom and what its officers are composed in England. In Spain you have fourteen thousand men belonging to the regiments of the Spanish Guards; they are divided into the Royal Guards of Madrid and the Royal Provincial Guards. Of this combined force of Royal Guards, the officers are composed of very nearly the same class of persons in Spain as they are in England, and the most devoted and bravest defenders of the Queen are of that class of persons who, by birth and position, have real claims to belong to this force.

Many of the Carlists among the German

nobility, and many Carlists amongst the English Tories, have observed, that nothing would so strengthen the cause of Ministers and that of the Christinos, as an authentic list of the Spanish nobility, proving indisputably how many, and what proportion of them, did take their seat in the chamber, at the death of Ferdinand, as supporters of the Queen's rights, and how many did protest against the rights of the Queen. Now there is a book published yearly at Madrid, of the same nature as the "*Almanach Royal*" in Paris, which gives a list, not only of the Peers, but of the Ministers of State, Ambassadors at Foreign Courts, &c. The fair way would be, to publish the list that existed during the last year of Ferdinand's life, and shew, by distinguishing marks, those that took their seat in the new Chamber, those that protested against the Queen's rights, and those that neither took their seats nor protested for or against. It is very astonishing that the British Government has not strengthened their cause by making so important, if authentic, statement, as well as the list of

names of the principal families, whether noble or not, that are serving and fighting for the cause of the Queen, as officers of the Spanish Guards ; either of these lists, published with the name of each person, might be sent over from Madrid, by our Minister there. A diplomatist promised to send me a list of the Spanish nobility who had passed over to Don Carlos, but I regret much at not getting it before I left Paris. I think the names amount to seven, amongst which I remember those of the Duke of Granada, Duke del Infantado, Marquis Valdespeñas, and De Villa Franca ; but the Carlist party, from continually announcing them by name in all the papers, mentioning that so and so, Grandee of Spain, has been sent on a mission,—the one to the Court of Austria, another to Prussia, another to Russia ; then they announce their arrival and return at the head-quarters of Don Carlos ; then again their expected departure ; then that they have been delayed, and then their real departure ; and then that they are on their road,—the Tory-Carlists have thus had the art

to make the public of Europe and England believe, that their party is the aristocratic party, when it is as much the reverse and opposite as light and darkness. I asked Monsieur Zea Bermudez in September, and, having been Prime Minister of Spain, he is likely to know, "If he thought there were
 " more than twelve of the Spanish nobility
 " that had declared against the rights of the
 " Queen?" He told me "he did not think
 " there were so many," and twelve out of two hundred and fifty is certainly a very small proportion. Then we have likewise in England the members of the bar, we have the members of the College of Physicians, and the members of the College of Surgeons; we have the monied interest, merchants, bankers, and great tradesmen: of the same class of people in Spain who represent our physicians, surgeons, bankers, merchants, and tradesmen, nine-tenths of them are in favour of the Queen: for in what other sense have the principal inhabitants of the largest and most wealthy sea-ports in Spain declared themselves—where the commerce, and riches,

and intelligence of the country are concentrated? Barcelona, Valencia, Malaga, Cadiz, and in the inland towns there is the same spirit: of every thing that possesses wealth and education, nine-tenths are in favour of the Queen, except the Catholic priests. What is the Tory cry regarding Ireland? What is the language applied by them to that country? Ministers are reproached with having only the small landed proprietors, the farmers, the peasants, and the priests, in favour of their measures. All the Irish ask for is, an equality of rights, and justice to their country; they neither demand the rights of smuggling, or the bloody secret tribunal of the Inquisition for those who differ from them either in religion or politics; and though they have ranged on the side of "justice," many of the oldest nobles, the largest landed proprietors of their country, the most distinguished members of the bar, and at least an equal number of the leading physicians, surgeons, bankers, and merchants, as the votes of the Dublin election poll-book can prove; yet, because the lowest rabble, the

mass of ignorance and fanaticism, (as the Tories term the lower classes,) the small landed proprietors, farmers, and peasants, and Catholic priests, are with the Government, and join their cry for justice, aided by much of the wealth, intelligence, and nobility of the country; though these Catholics do form a majority of six millions out of seven, they are not fit to have a voice even in the internal government of their own country; they are not, according to Tory ideas, even fit to enjoy the right of municipal institutions, and have the power of electing some magistrates of their own choice, so that justice might be administered by persons in whom the majority of the towns and cities must have confidence, or they would not be chosen by them.

Yet, in Spain, Don Carlos is supported *only* by the priests, the lowest rabble, the mass of ignorance and fanaticism, the small landed proprietors, yeomen, farmers, peasants, and smugglers, and by them alone: and taking the inhabitants of Spain at the lowest calculation, ten millions*, and

* Hassel, in his "*Statistique Européenne*," estimates

the partisans of Don Carlos, composed of such materials as these, at the highest calculation, cannot be more than two millions, yet the English Carlist-Tories demand for his partisans, though a minority in Spain, composed of the materials I describe them to be, the right to nominate and dictate the Sovereign of the country, to restore the bloody rites of the Inquisition, close the Liberty of the Press, and the Constitutional voice of the country, expressed through its chambers. Every thing that Tories pretend to uphold, laud, and worship, in Eng-

the territorial surface of Spain at twenty-five thousand, one hundred and forty-five square leagues, of twenty-five to a degree, and the total population at ten millions, seven hundred and thirty thousand, being four hundred and twenty-five inhabitants to every square league; and this in a country supposed to be capable of furnishing subsistence for seventy-eight millions, and which, according to the general opinion, actually contained, under the Romans, forty millions of people. Since the commencement of the Peninsular war, the decrease in the population must have been considerable. It is impossible to arrive at any satisfactory estimate, but the present population can hardly be rated higher than twelve millions.

land, has, in Spain, declared itself in favour of the Queen : and every thing they execrate and abuse in Ireland, and I should have thought every where else, has ranged itself under the banners of their ally and friend Don Carlos, and him and his supporters, when in Spain, they uphold, laud, and worship ; so much for Tory consistency. These very Basques are aliens in language, aliens in interest, and aliens in country, to nine-tenths of Spain, much more than the Irish are aliens to England ; yet, because they are ready to sacrifice their lives to continue the benefits of smuggling, and with the hopes of possessing the promised confiscated property of their landlords, assassins and smugglers become heroes and victims of oppression, and no one is to be legitimate sovereign of Spain, but whoever is chosen by them, and a priesthood who is fanatic enough to compel the King to establish the Inquisition as the price of their support. Such is the present state of the war in Spain, and the relative position of the supporters of the Queen and Don Carlos,

I will not recapitulate the events in Spain

that drove Don Carlos into Portugal, and from Portugal to England, as they must be fresh in every one's recollection; suffice it to say, that Don Carlos being naturally a very timid man, cowardly and nervous to an extreme, that is ridiculous and painful to witness, trembling while in the custody of Colonel Wylde, when even the women of the party had laid aside their fears—feeling safe under the protection of the British flag, they knew they would not be given up to the vengeance of Rodil,—this Tory *protégé* was too happy to find a safe asylum in England. The despotic powers knowing well how perfectly it suited their secret designs and views, not to allow Spain to become a free and constitutional Government, began by promising Don Carlos, soon after he arrived in England, assistance of officers and supplies of money to tempt him into the Basque provinces. Emissaries were likewise sent by them into these provinces, and Don Carlos was not only assured that the Basque provinces would rise in his favour, but that many towns in Spain would

also declare for him. Under the advice, assistance, and patronage of the despotic powers, he entered the Basque provinces ; hunted, pursued, and nearly taken soon after his arrival, by Rodil, he, at that period, wrote some letters which fell into the hands of the Government, complaining of the deception that had been practised on him, as no city or town had ever declared in his favour, as was promised as an inducement to him to quit England.

I am willing to allow, as a politician, an Englishman, and a Christian, scorning to take a lower ground than the latter, whether in discussing this subject or any other, that we can have no *primâ facie* right to interfere in the affairs of Spain. But if other powers interfere on one side, because it suits their interests, we then are bound, at least, to counteract or counterbalance that interference, should it only suit our interests, commercial or political ; but if, in addition to these interests, we feel ourselves called upon by higher motives—by the precepts of our Redeemer, by the interests of humanity and

religion—then our motive of interference becomes stronger.

Having already discussed the question, as to which side the majority of the Spanish nation has declared itself, and the nature of such majority and minority, the next step is to examine the nature of the foreign assistance that has been *really* given to both parties, *whether secret or avowed*. Whether the assistance given by England has been furnished according to the terms of the quadruple constitutional treaty, or whether it has been sent by treaty or no treaty, is a matter of perfect indifference; all we want to know is, that it has been really furnished. We have given the Queen a liberal and abundant supply of every description of what the French call "*munitions de guerre*;" such as arms of all kinds, musket cartridges, artillery cartridges, rockets, shells, with pick-axes, spades, and shovels, to form the fortifications and redoubts around Bilbao, St. Sebastian, and the Hernani lines, and these fortifications and redoubts are entirely armed with English cannon. We furnished steam frigates to convey their troops from one

point of the coast to another; they act offensively against the enemy, whenever occasion offers; and the body of marines and blue jackets employed there, which may amount to one thousand men, are highly useful to the Queen's cause. A Legion of ten thousand men was likewise sent out; but whether it has been of any real use, is a matter of great doubt; whether its tremendous expense, the extreme state of exhaustion in which it has kept the Queen's treasury, has or has not more than counterbalanced its services, would be a subject impossible to give a decided opinion on; and such appears to be the nature of the assistance received by the Queen, and which assistance I have always heard acknowledged by Spaniards of all ranks, with many expressions of thanks and gratitude. Nothing can be so popular as England, and the name of England, is in Spain, except perhaps amongst the Carlists, and the friends of Lord Carnarvon. When Lord Carnarvon speaks of "the marked decline of British influence*" [in Spain], when he asks, "Why has our in-

* Vide Lord Carnarvon's work, Vol. I., p. 301.

“fluence so utterly declined at Madrid,” he writes perfect nonsense. I am sorry to say that Spain, as an independent country, has ceased to exist; it has become little more than a British colony; her influence and authority is unbounded: any thing she may choose to command, or demand, must be granted; it depends entirely on her honour, honesty, and good feeling, as to what she will ask and what she will take—and for the following reasons: she has taught the Queen’s Government such idle habits, by furnishing it with so liberal a supply of “*munitions de guerre*,” that were she to make any demands, however unjust and prejudicial to the honour and interests of Spain, they must be granted; because were she to discontinue these supplies, upon any refusal, the army of the Queen must cease to exist as an effective force, and Don Carlos could at once march and take possession of Madrid; she may choose to act with entire disinterestedness; but certainly, it is not want of power, it is not want of influence, that bounds her demands.

I have now, I hope, rendered perfectly

clear the nature and quantity of foreign assistance received by the Queen's Government. Let us, in the next place, examine what foreign aid has been afforded to Don Carlos. In the first place, Prussia publicly avows having sent various officers, in whose abilities and talents they had the highest opinion and confidence, to assist him*. The different Carlist writers, such as Captain Henningsen and Mr. Stephens, fill half their books with details of the great services

* The *Gazette de Franckfort* is a determined Carlist-Tory paper; and, as a censorship of the press exists in Germany, it must be remembered, that nothing is published without the approbation and authority of the different Governments.

“Le Prince de Lichnowski, correspondant de la *Gazette d'Etat de Prusse*, nommé récemment Adjudant de l'Infant Don Sebastian, est un jeune homme de talens dont les essais littéraires ont été très heureux; on pourrait recommander à la Prusse de suivre jusqu'à un certain point le système de Frederic le Grand en envoyant des officiers de talent, partout, où se fait la guerre, pour qu'ils y acquièrent l'expérience si précieuse, et réunir ainsi la théorie à la pratique.”—*Extract from the Gazette d'Hanovre, republished in the Journal de Franckfort, 4th August, 1837.*

performed by foreigners of almost every country in Europe — Russians, Italians, French, and Germans, and even English; more particularly where it is necessary to employ artillery and engineers. Frederick the Great said, that three things were necessary to make war; that the first was money, the second was money, and the third was money; that is, money to purchase your *munitions de guerre*, money to clothe your troops, and money to pay your troops. Now the Quadruple Constitutional Alliance has only furnished the Queen a certain assistance *in kind*, part in men and part in *munitions de guerre*; and as this Quadruple Constitutional Alliance did not, at the same time, furnish money to pay the men supplied by them, the forces sent, have, I am afraid, done full as much harm as good to the Queen's cause. The only useful thing has been the ammunition and the troops *paid* by the British Government. But Don Carlos has received from the Quadruple Despotic Alliance not only money to pay the officers they send him, but money to buy the various "*munitions de guerre*."

Had the assistance gone no further, the foreign aid afforded to both parties might have been nearly equal in *practical* utility; but in addition, he has received money, not only to clothe but to pay his troops, all and every thing that Frederick the Great thought necessary to make war—that is, a sufficient supply of every thing—money to purchase your “*munitions de guerre*,” money to clothe your troops, and money to pay your troops, has been furnished by foreigners to Don Carlos. Whatever may be the theoretical assistance afforded to either party, the practical foreign assistance has been in favour of Don Carlos; and though Don Carlos has, in reality, received more effective foreign assistance than the Queen, a large body of the English House of Commons did, by their votes on the motion of the 19th of April, and an individual Peer by his writings, has since, given a moral countenance to the assassination of their countrymen, because they were foreigners taking part in a civil war.

Unfortunately, in England the Spanish question has not been tried by its real

merits and position, but has been made an affair of party. In conducting the foreign policy of the Melbourne administration, Lord Palmerston has neither turned to the right or the left: through good report and bad report, he has steadily pursued that path which the interests of the country require. The cause of the foul personal abuse and ribaldry of the daily press heaped upon him is, that he has, under all trials and opposition, "*afforded to keep a conscience.*" The celebrated Paley saw the iniquity of Church sinecures and pluralism; his private opinions were well known, but held a deanery, a Church sinecure himself; and being asked how he could so act, replied, "he could not afford to keep a conscience." Lord Palmerston's good sense and honesty soon made him aware that the old Tory system of exclusiveness could no longer be carried on in this country, nor in any other, without the risk of continual bloodshed, and repeated revolutions; he saw that as Holland had chosen to govern Belgium as a Dutch colony, Belgium must cease to

belong to it, and that its destinies could not be at the mercy of a Dutch tyranny, supported by Russian, Austrian, and Prussian bayonets, should their aid be demanded. If honours, rewards, and statues, are accorded to those who gain bloody battles and finish wars, what is due to those who prevent those bloody battles being fought, and leave a country threatened with war in the blessings of a prosperous peace? Let any one travel through Belgium—let him behold its rising manufactories—its railroads in a state of completion, from one end of the kingdom to another—let any one behold its moral and physical happiness, and I neither envy the head or the heart of that man who can turn into ridicule the hand and the intellect that, by a paper war of protocols in London, has continued that country in the blessing of peace and prosperity, and prevented its rich and luxuriant fields and industrious peasantry being given over to the horrors of war. Yet, what was so much abused and turned into ridicule, by the Tory press,

as the war of protocols? What has, at a future period, been the nature of the much abused and most falsely abused Spanish policy of Lord Palmerston? He clearly saw that his first duty was to prevent Spain from falling under the thralldom of Russia and the Inquisition, when five-sixths of its inhabitants desired to be possessed of the guarantees offered by a Constitutional Government. From the instant Don Carlos entered Portugal, and allied his fortunes with those of Don Miguel, it was clear he would become the special pet and *protégé* of the despotic powers, as his predecessor, Don Miguel, had been. Every one, at all acquainted with foreign policy, must know, that Lord Palmerston could not be ignorant that it was the promise of foreign assistance, foreign generals, foreign engineer officers, foreign artillery officers, foreign cavalry officers, and foreign subsidies, that induced Don Carlos to quit England. It is true the position of the town of Bayonne, and the great extent of the frontier, rendered the transmission of

the half-concealed and half-avowed aid furnished to Don Carlos, a matter of little difficulty; because the banking interests, the large merchants, in fact, the whole commerce of Bayonne, is in the hands of wealthy Jews, who, like the Jews at Gibraltar and the Jews elsewhere, always sell themselves to the highest bidder, and often to both parties, and will serve any one and every one who allow them to make money; but as you are never well served by Jews, unless you make use of a Jewish *homme d'affaires*, or middle man, the agent employed by the despotic powers, to guarantee the supplies that were to rivet the chains of despotism on the Spaniards, was a German Jew, of the name of Haber, a Jew belonging to the duchy of Baden*.

* "One thing only was wanting—money. The coffers of Don Carlos were absolutely *empty*. When he had arrived in Navarre, he had relied for pecuniary resources on a contract with a Jew, named Maurice de Haber."—*Vide Campaign with Zumalacarregui, by Captain Henningsen*, Vol. II., p. 230.

But for foreign subsidies and guarantees, Don Carlos would not be able to pay for the saltpetre he received from these Jews at Bayonne, smuggled over the frontiers, to make his gunpowder with, nor pay his troops, nor clothe them, for the cloth is likewise smuggled over in pieces. The money he can collect in the territory he occupies, or the plunder* he makes, in what he overruns, is about enough to pay for the rations of his troops. Without foreign subsidies the war must soon end.

* The first person who began plundering churches, and robbing the altars of their sacred vessels, was Don Carlos and his generals. Gomez was not found fault with for plundering the cathedral of Cordova, but for not giving a fair share to his master. The fourth charge brought against him, as cited in Mr. Stephens's Carlist work, is as follows :—

4th charge. "For having plundered the inhabitants of the several provinces through which he passed, of large sums of money, in the shape of contributions, without accounting with the commissioner who accompanied him from the Royal head-quarters, and without having brought to the King any considerable part of the said treasure."—Vol. II., p. 141.

It has already been stated, that the influence of England in Spain must be unbounded, on account of her being able, at any time, either to demand payment for what has been supplied, or to withhold fresh supplies, which would at once give Don Carlos possession of Spain : for it is clear, that if England withheld her supplies, the despotic governments would not discontinue theirs ; therefore, we must remember, that, if Don Carlos should triumph, instead of English influence predominating, Spain will become little better than a Russian colony ; because, should he become possessor of the throne, being a despotic king, any and every promise that he has made to Russia for the supplies of money afforded by that power, he must fulfil.

A young Spanish diplomatist observed to me not many weeks past, “ Since my
 “ unfortunate country is in that position,
 “ that it must be under the influence and
 “ protection of some power, I hope it
 “ may be under that of England ; from the
 “ publicity in that country, we shall at

“ least know what our real position is—
 “ let it be any thing but France; for then
 “ we shall be a sort of plaything for Louis
 “ Philippe and his ministers; the master
 “ often intriguing in one sense, and his
 “ servants in another.” The Spanish
 policy of the *Morning Herald* is incompre-
 hensible. It says, and truly says, it is
 the duty and interest of England, above
 all things, to strive to prevent the increase
 of the power and influence of Russia,
 and yet, certainly there is nothing that
 could so increase both the power and in-
 fluence of that empire as Don Carlos being
 despotic king of Spain. Does their hatred
 to a Whig ministry, because it is Whig,
 and not because of the nature of their
 measures, so outweigh the interests of its
 country, as to blind their understanding on
 this question? The importance of the
 issue of the Spanish war, as far as the
 balance of the power of Europe is con-
 cerned, is immense.

We know, by experience, that, in case of
 war, Spain has always occupied one hun-

dred thousand of the best troops of France to watch her frontier, and would again were it despotic : and should there be a general war of principles — despotic governments against constitutional governments — the very fact of Spain being constitutional, instead of despotic, would increase or diminish the effective force of the French army one hundred thousand men. That is one of the great reasons why the despotic powers, at any price, *coute qui coute*, are determined to keep alive the war in Spain ; but there are other reasons even more powerful and pressing, which shall be dwelt on and explained hereafter.

In a constitutional government it is impossible to afford any aid without its being publicly known, and publicly avowed ; as every assistance, whether of money, ammunition, or men, must come under the cognizance of the Chambers. Now, after Don Carlos quitted this country, in what position was Lord Palmerston placed, as Minister of Foreign Affairs in a constitutional country like England ? His duty, both as a minister

and a Christian, was, if possible, to avoid involving England and Europe in a general war; but it was equally his duty, as a Christian and a statesman, to take some measures to prevent foreign aid, and subsidies, from establishing the Inquisition, and a despotic form of government in Spain, against the wishes of the majority of the nation, and against the interests of England. Although I do not claim for him, nor for any one else, the right to prevent the free expression of the wishes of the majority of the Spanish nation in choosing their king and form of government, he had not only a right, but was bound, as minister of England, at least to *neutralize the foreign assistance* afforded to the other side, in whatever shape it came, whether secret or avowed.

From the great impatience that exists in this country on the subject of taxation, it was necessary to do something that would entail the least possible present expense, as well as the least future or permanent expense on England, and, at the same time, would hurt the pride of the Spanish nation as little

as possible. It was with this view that **the** Legion was sent out, and certainly by **the** laws of nations we had a right to do it.

The first object that Lord Palmerston had in view was, not to create a general war, while there was the slightest chance of avoiding it: both as a statesman and a Christian he was called to take that view of the case; but he was equally bound to take some steps of a counteracting policy to neutralize the assistance given by other parties to Don Carlos to establish the Inquisition and a despotic government in Spain, in opposition to the wishes of the real majority of that nation.

Mr. Pitt used to observe of a certain talented and celebrated Law-Lord, in his days, “that he opposed every thing, and proposed “nothing.” Now I should like to hear what a certain talented and celebrated Law-Lord of the present day*, who opposes every thing and proposes nothing, will say. Were he asked what he would have advised the foreign minister to do at the time of the sending out

* To whom Lord Melbourne said, If God Almighty had given the learned lord talents, the devil had taught him the application of them.

of the British Legion. If he re-echoes the Tory cry, that the policy of England should have been strict neutrality ; if by neutrality he means that Lord Palmerston should have allowed Russia and the other despotic powers to furnish Jew agents with the sinews of war, and the means of supplying Don Carlos with arms, ammunition, clothing, and pay for his troops, with the number of foreign officers he required to organize them and direct a plan of campaign ; then I say, whoever would have advised that line of policy, was either ignorant of, or a traitor to, the interests of his country, as well as the interests of humanity and the precepts of his Redeemer. I repeat, again and again, that the first duty of Lord Palmerston, both as a Christian and a statesman, was to avoid a general war ; and, at the same time, he was bound to adopt a counteracting and counterbalancing action of policy and assistance, to neutralize the designs and foreign aid afforded by the despotic powers to Don Carlos.

Let any Tory members of either House, when they blame the measures of Lord Palmerston, at the same time declare, even with

the experience of past events before their eyes, what plan they would have followed, not only in June 1835, but what plan they would now follow, to prevent Spain from falling under the influence of Russian policy, though their secret feelings very probably are in favour of such a step. For, let Russian influence but predominate in Spain, and it will effectually crush any prospect of reform or progress in that country; and it gives a chance of stopping the march of improvement in England and elsewhere: for this is the real Tory secret, this is the real undercurrent; the real, though not avowed, mainspring of their actions.

Do you wish to know the reason why the Carlist-Tories in constitutional England want to prevent the establishment of a constitution in Spain? Do you wish to know why these Carlist-Tories in England ally themselves with the Carlists of every other country, whose interests are entirely opposite to the real interests of England, who do you think shall give you the reason? Why the Tory-Carlist Lord Carnarvon himself; not, perhaps, the reason he most dwells on:

it is only *en passant* that you arrive at it; for I am afraid the proverb is too true, the reason given is never the real reason. Hear what Lord Carnarvon says :

“ Of this I feel *sure*, that, under the present system of general communication, no political changes occurring in *one* part of *Europe* can be without their effect in *another* :” then, a few lines lower*, “ great internal changes have taken place in constitutional states, with a *rapidity of imitation* that would be almost *ridiculous*, if their results upon the happiness of mankind were not too serious to admit of any but the gravest reflections.”—“ Spain was revolutionized” (the fact is, the Constitution of 1812 was *re-established*—the Constitution sworn to by the King six years before, and which oaths he broke) “ in the spring of 1820. Portugal followed her *example* in the same year, and *Naples* in the autumn. *Piedmont* took precedence in 1821, and was immediately followed by the *famous Greek Revolution*.” Then,

* See Lord Carnarvon's Work, Vol. II., p. 308.

again, a few lines further, “ The Revolution
 “ of Paris, in 1830—which overturned the
 “ King of Holland’s Government in the
 “ *Netherlands*, and which led to the *Polish*
 “ *insurrection*—had a powerful effect in *Eng-*
 “ *land*, and gave an impulse to the popular
 “ *mind*, which being communicated at the
 “ crisis of a General Election, *accelerated*, if
 “ it did not *produce*, the *changes* we have
 “ witnessed at *home*.”

Yes, it turned the Tories out—there’s
 the rub,—then, and the same author says :
 “ Strict neutrality would have been *our*
 “ *wisest* policy:” and I have shewn what
 the Tories would have considered “ strict
 “ neutrality to consist of.”

Most painful it is to hear a member of the
 British House of Peers, who enjoys inviola-
 bility of domicile, of property, and person,
 freedom of thought and freedom of speech, be-
 cause he has the guarantees of a constitution
 in his own country ;—yet, when, tired of the
 tyrannical and despotic forms of government,
 Naples and Sardinia, and other nations, fol-
 lowing the example of happier countries,

do, like England, try to procure those guarantees which his lordship does appear unworthy of enjoying; a change, which the angels in heaven may well be supposed to rejoice at, is, in his lordship's eyes, "ridiculous." In his eyes, their results (the passing from a state of despotism to a state of constitutional guarantees) admit but of the "gravest reflections."

I can only say, that men who express such sentiments are unworthy of enjoying the blessings and the guarantees of a constitution themselves. The inside of a despotic prison in Portugal is the fitter place for them to continue in. A state of slavery in Greece, subject to the *lust*, the rapine, and blood-stained hand of the Turkish master, thanks be to God, has ceased to exist; and I should have thought only demons and devils could help rejoicing at the change: yet this "famous Greek Revolution" closes the list of the "great internal changes" that are "almost ridiculous."

The real Tory secret is this—Let but a constitution be established in Spain, and

the iron hand of despotism must be mollified and moderated elsewhere. The Neapolitans, like the Spaniards, do desire the guarantees of a constitution; and, like the Spaniards, they have not forgotten that their king sits at this very hour on a *perjured* throne; and they will, in spite of foreign Swiss bayonets, one day enforce the oaths taken by his grandfather, when he swore to the constitution, and at the same moment secretly sent for the foreign assistance of Austria, to put in prison and exile those that he was calling patriots and saviours of their country; a perjured throne must be rotten in its foundation, and cannot last long;—the “*ridiculous changes*” must come, for the great God that made us, and must judge us, has declared, “That he will visit
 “ the sins of the fathers on the children,
 “ unto the third and fourth generation of
 “ them that hate him.” If there be one thing more hateful than another in the eyes of that great God, it must be perjury.

Piedmont waits but an opportunity, to shake off the shackles and chains of des-

potism, and establish constitutional guarantees. The iron and worse than quick murdering hand of Austria—for the dungeon and chains are its silent weapons—does hold its unhallowed reign over the fairest portion of Italy. I will mention a little anecdote, for the instruction and amusement of the disciples of Lord Carnarvon and the Tory-Carlists, in both our Houses of Parliament. If the Milanese states of Austria are blessed to-morrow with the guarantees of a constitution, such an event would, in certain eyes, be only, perhaps, a “ridiculous change.”

Not many years since, I met an English young lady, whom I had known in her own country, and who had been married but a few months to an Italian. He was a man of whose political opinions the Austrian Government had nothing to complain of, or even suspect. Possessing great literary acquirements and research, as soon as he had received permission to travel for three years, he at once bent his steps toward the Holy Land, where he made a lengthened

tour, and was then preparing for the press, when I saw him, an account of his travels. On his return from the Holy Land he went to England, and married the young lady in question, and she was then in Paris with her husband, expecting shortly to be confined of her first child. Her mother was particularly desirous of being present at the first accouchement of her daughter, and therefore wished it to take place in Paris, as she meant to come over from England for that purpose. The gentleman in question happened to be of Verona, the same town as Madame d'Appony, the wife of the Austrian Ambassador at Paris. In his distress he applied to her—she thought there would be no difficulty in getting so simple and so natural a request granted, and she had the goodness of heart to interest herself very much. Some very kind letters were written by her, but all in vain—the only answer the Austrian Government would give was, that he had permission to travel for three years, and the three years expired, if he did not return home his property

would be confiscated. You will naturally say, why not sell your property and smuggle yourself out of the country, and invest your money in some foreign funds, or any other security? Why have any thing to do with such a Government? I will tell you why. I met an Italian friend at his house, and he had a literary turn: being perfectly aware that there was neither freedom of the press, freedom of the person, or freedom of thought, he obtained permission of the Government to sell his property to his uncle, and every thing was done according to the due and legal forms required—the whole transaction was perfectly *en règle* in every way. Soon afterwards he obtained a passport to travel, and once out of the country—he thought and hoped for ever—he invested his money in the French funds, determined to pursue his literary vocations in a country where there was no censorship on the press. The time accorded him in his passport once expired, he did not of course return. When the Austrian Government sent him orders to come back, he took no notice of them.

Well, what did they do? Why, the Austrian Government very quietly seized and took possession of the property which had been legally sold to his uncle with their permission, and ordered the tenants, at their peril, to pay the rents into the hands of the Government treasurer. Not to ruin his uncle, the Milanese in question felt himself bound by honour to return, and put his property and person in the power of the despotic Government of Austria. Should the Milanese states be enabled at any future period to possess themselves of the guarantees of a constitution with inviolability of person, freedom of thought, freedom of the press, and should the prisons be forced to disgorge the unhappy victims of political suspicion, such an event would, in the eyes of Lord Carnarvon and his Tory-Carlist disciples, be a "ridiculous change," and what he calls "*strict* neutrality," would be giving Spain into the hands of Russia. *Ex uno disce omnes*. No one can doubt that the Emperor of Russia, Don Carlos, and Lord Carnarvon, take exactly the same view

of the Spanish question: but Lord Palmerston, who perfectly understands what the interests of constitutional England are, has taken quite a different view; and has the honesty, talent, and courage, to enforce these views, should the stern necessity of a declaration of war require it.

To see constitutional guarantees replace despotism—it matters not in what country—is a blessed and happy consummation devoutly to be wished for? Come these changes quick, or come they slow, they will not for that reason be ridiculous in my eyes, and when these constitutional guarantees appear by the side of liberty, my exclamation will be, “Hallowed be thy name, oh! Liberty.”—No Englishman—and sorry am I that it should be a Peer of England—could class amongst the “ridiculous,” and cast a sneer over the event that freed the Greeks from the position of slaves to a Turkish master, except one that possessed a head and a heart capable of framing an apology for the Durango decree.

Many persons of Carlist-Tory principles, both abroad and in this country, have

observed, " But if England was to take " more active measures, and intervene directly in Spanish affairs, would certain " foreign powers permit it?" There is an answer ready for them—just the answer they gave us. The English Government thought it necessary to write a very strong diplomatic note against so gross a violation of the treaty of Vienna, as the occupation of the free and independent republic of Cracow by foreign troops: as we had not, without a general war, the means of getting to Cracow to enforce the strong language, perhaps a milder note would have been better, *sua-viter in modo*. What did the diplomatic representatives of the despotic powers do? Why, they very coolly lit their pipes with the menacing missals, and the nature of their answer was, " We are there, " and you are not, and you cannot get " there. *Nous y sommes et vous n'y êtes " pas, et vous ne pouvez pas y aller.*" If, after having weighed the subject, the Government of England choose really to balance and counteract the despotic assist-

ance given to Don Carlos, or if it choose to exceed it—for the instant that Don Carlos made use of foreign assistance himself, and foreign officers, and even English officers, and then shoots our officers and men that fall into his hands, because they are foreigners, in defiance of the laws of nations and of war; we have not only a right to interfere in the affairs of Spain, that is to say to expel Don Carlos, but we are called upon to do it, and to tell him, in plain language, that he never shall be King of Spain, while England possesses a ship or a soldier. But men and officers of the French Foreign Legion, as well as the English Legion, have been put to death by Don Carlos, after having been made prisoners of war; and therefore the honour of France is insulted as well as that of England.

It was thought right and necessary to make a certain declaration to Don Miguel. What was then the language used by Lord Howard de Walden, in his interview with Don Miguel's general, when the conference took place? General Lemos said, "Don

“ Miguel’s army was strong, and superior to
 “ the Constitutional army” (Don Pedro’s);
 upon which Lord Howard de Walden said,
 “ That is no matter, for if all the army (of
 “ Don Pedro) be destroyed, England and
 “ France are now irrevocably determined
 “ never to permit Don Miguel to reign in
 “ Portugal*.” Surely a much more urgent
 necessity now exists. If France does not
 join England, let England do it alone. Di-
 plomatic notes from the despotic powers
 will arrive, the weaker and milder the better
 for them; they may complain of England
 avenging the murder of her brave country-
 men—they may even venture on a defence
 of the Durango decree—and they may sum-
 mon up sufficient courage to threaten not
 to allow the interference, and declare their
 intention of sending troops to assist Don
 Carlos, if we send any to assist the Queen.
 First, light your cigar with their despatch,
 and send them back their own Cracow
 answer, “*Nous y sommes et vous n’y êtes pas,*
 “ *et vous ne pouvez pas y aller.*”

* *Shaw’s Memoirs*, Vol. II., p. 136.

I should like to see Russian or German troops take the road by land, and try to march into Spain through France, even with the permission of the "amphibious Louis Philippe;" or, I should like still better to see these same troops try to go by sea, without the permission of England. If they be unruly or riotous, it might be necessary to assure them that the English Government well knew where their vulnerable and weak points existed;—that they had only to say to the Sicilians, once turn out the Neapolitans yourselves, and proclaim your independence, and establish a constitution suitable to your wants and wishes, and our fleet at Malta shall prevent the Neapolitans finding their way back again to interfere with you. Say but to the Neapolitans themselves, turn out the foreign Swiss troops that prevent you compelling your present king to reign according to the constitution sworn to by his grandfather, and if the Austrians take a part against you, we will take a part for you. Would the King of Naples remain a week on his despotic

throne? Say but to the Genoese, declare yourself independent of Sardinia, and neither Austria, nor any other country, shall interfere—how many hours would the flag of Sardinia float over the bay of Genoa? The Constitutional spirit that has once shewn itself at Turin only slumbers, and is not extinct in Piedmont; it waits but a fair occasion. Say to the Venetians, turn out the Austrian garrison from Venice, and we will send a few of our frigates and moor them off the Piazza of St. Mark, and prevent their return, and how many days would Austria possess Venice? And if England did but declare war against Austria, how many months would Austria possess Milan, or even Trieste? Has Hungary no secret wish to become a separate kingdom? Is the kingdom of Bohemia, Slavonic in its language, its habits, and its ideas, too happy and content to belong to Austria—has it no secret wishes? Ask the Emperor of Russia. The Rhenish provinces of Prussia are sighing (wisely or unwisely for their material interests, I say not):—but sighing

they are, for the guarantees of a constitution, before the throne falls into the hands of the Tory despotic Crown Prince of Prussia. To Russia, it will be sufficient to pronounce the name of *Poland*. Let certain powers be told in plain language that we understand their vulnerable points, and a deep sense of weakness and humility will succeed arrogance and pretension. And have we no weak points at home? Yes, one, and a kingdom commonly called the United Kingdom, cannot be a United Kingdom, nor strong, as long as justice is refused to Ireland. And who have we to thank that the United Kingdom in name, is not a United Kingdom in reality, but the Tories? It matters not in what country, or under what forms—but injustice and weakness must always exist together.

The active business of Parliament must soon commence, and I have heard Tory members declare, that Lord Palmerston shall not have a bed of roses to lie on. It is their intention to try to profit by, and turn to their advantage, the great ignorance and apathy

which prevails in England regarding the Spanish question. They know well, for that reason, they can invent and promulgate any false or highly-coloured statements they please; that a Tory will always believe what a Tory says; that they can suppress certain facts, and highly colour others, as suits their convenience: nay, that they can do worse than that—for the false accusation of cruelty brought against the British Legion, during the last session of Parliament, too plainly proves what they are capable of.

In the month of September, I was conversing on the Spanish war with Monsieur Zea Bermudez, well known as the famous prime minister of Ferdinand, the last he possessed; and who at the death of the King attempted to direct the Government of the Queen, according to the "*estatuto real*." The Spanish nation owe him a deep debt of gratitude, for trying to pass, by degrees, from a step of despotism to a state of gradual liberty. Happy would it have been for that country, had it been contented with slow and gradual changes, suited to the political

capacity and wants of the nation : but the recollection of the impracticable constitution of 1812 is the rock it has split on. Among other things, I was relating to M. Zea the acts of forbearance, humanity, and noble conduct of the British Legion which I had witnessed ; defying any one to charge them with even a single act of cruelty under the greatest provocation. His answer was natural : “ Good God ! is it possible ; and that “ their own countrymen should have been “ guilty of telling such lies of them ? ” For he could not suppose that British officers and members of parliament could be capable of uttering such accusations, and yet be utterly untrue.

Parliament is now sitting, and the liberal members ought to move a vote of thanks to the despotic powers, for having been kind enough to advance money—no less than £.720,000 in six months—to enable Don Carlos to traverse Spain in almost every direction, and make his appearance at the very gates of Madrid : for that march, combined with the recollection of the march of

Gomez, when he overran the south of Spain, must have proved to every unbiassed and unprejudiced person, that Don Carlos has no partisans but the priesthood and the inhabitants of the mountain districts—for any one, and every one, had it in their power to join him, and no one would; and until that march took place, every body had the opportunity of saying, whether he believed it or not (for no practical proof or contradiction could be offered to the assertion), that Don Carlos had a strong party in various parts of Spain, could he but go in person with an army, and give an opportunity to his adherents and partisans to declare themselves. Not only the thanks of Parliament, but of the British nation, are due to these despotic powers for thus spending their money, and the great aid they have given to the constitutional cause in Spain, by making it impossible for any one in this country, or on the continent—either Tory-Carlists in England, or Tory-Carlists abroad—to pretend to be ignorant of the important fact of five-sixths of Spain being in favour of the Queen.

These northern powers privily dug a pit for others, into which they have fallen themselves; they are not the first people that have been caught in their own snare.

The painful position of the Spanish war, is, that there is not only no probable, but, I fear, no possible speedy termination to it: the entire governments of Europe have not the means of finishing it. Should the despotic powers either threaten or wish to send troops, in favour of Don Carlos, they have not the means of getting there till they first conquer England and France. Should England increase its army twenty thousand men, it must, when it has driven Don Carlos out of Spain, first occupy the Carlist districts for many years, to prevent the war again breaking out in a Carlist sense*; and then but half

* "What had always given Zumalacarregui the greatest uneasiness during the first year of the war, was the fear of French intervention. "In that case," he said, "he would assemble all his battalions and disband them, excepting six, recommending each man, as he was a true Spaniard, to bury his musket against a future day. These six he would disperse into the mountains, and, leading a com-

its task is performed; for it must also occupy the large towns in Spain, to prevent a conflict between the liberal shades of opinion, the *moderados*, who wish to be governed by the "*estatuto real*," or, at least, by a chamber of peers named by the sovereign, and the constitutional ultra liberals, who support the spirit of the Constitution of 1812. I ask, will England pay not only for one year, but many years' occupation, the extra sum of taxation required for raising and maintaining twenty thousand troops? Even suppose that France would share the occupation with us, would the English people, from their great ignorance of the real importance of the Spanish question, suffer an increase of taxa-

plete guerilla life, wander all over Spain from one chain to another; he doubted not of being able to escape all the efforts of his enemies to take him; and to be ready, as soon as the storm was over, and the foreign torrent had swept by, to recommence, and descend into a less inaccessible country, to arouse that spirit of the Spanish people, which may be kept down but never crushed—and would only glow the more intensely from the attempt to suppress it."—*Henningsen's Campaign*, Vol. II., p. 38.

tion to raise, equip, and arm even ten thousand men, and continue them with field allowance and various extra expenses? Then, if the despotic powers neither dare nor can interfere in favour of Don Carlos, and if the constitutional governments neither can nor dare incur the risk of the expense and unpopularity of raising war-taxes to occupy Spain and keep down *both* parties, how is the war to finish?

We must now look to what is likely to be the duration of the war, if the Queen is left to fight the battle alone, excepting the assistance afforded to her by the Quadruple Alliance, or any other means short of direct intervention; whether it shall rather exceed or be less than what passes through the hands of the Jews of Bayonne*: for of the true

* By the laws of Spain, Jews are not allowed to enter that country, therefore Bayonne and Gibraltar swarm with them; for they are forced to carry on their commerce from the nearest frontier towns. A great number of the richest houses at Bordeaux are in the hands of the Jews, and they, as well as the Israelites at Bayonne, take numerous contracts to furnish Don Carlos with what he wants.

sinews of war (money) the Queen receives none.

First, let us consider what the Queen's troops are really composed of. The common soldiers are mostly poor young peasants, dragged from their homes in the south, and forced to fight about what they feel no direct interest in. What does it matter to them whether a man or woman reigns at Madrid, and whether the Biscayans have the power of receiving goods free of duty into Spain, and then, to the general detriment of the revenue of the country, smuggle them into the other provinces. It is true they are sick of and hate the monks, and therefore hate Don Carlos, who is supported by them; but they take no interest sufficiently personal in the question, to make them desirous of risking their limbs and lives to put them down. Therefore, they generally try to run away from the Carlists, as soon as they can. Nineteen out of twenty of the Queen's soldiers would give a leg or an arm to be out of the business, and would desert to Don Carlos, or any one else that could

secure them from having any fighting to do ; but they very rarely do desert—first, because then they must fight on his side, and, secondly, have the chance of being hung as deserters, should they be retaken. If they pass over to France, they are no better off ; for they would be either sent back again, or marched as prisoners into the interior.

The bombastic accounts of deserters passing over and prisoners taken, the destruction and dispersion of the Carlist bands, published by the Queen's generals, are all inventions* ; then, as to the *real* prisoners made by either sides. The Carlists, by their being mountaineers and lightly armed—by their superior bravery, energy, and activity—do continually surprise or take places sufficiently strong to have garrisons of many hundred men, and three-parts of the poor wretches taken generally enter into their service sooner than die a lingering death of bad treatment. It may be fairly said, that the Carlists make five times as many *bonâ fide* prisoners as the Christinos, and more than

* See Appendix, C.

ninety out of a hundred of the prisoners made by the Queen's troops, are merely men who have belonged once to the Christinos before, and have been taken by the Carlists ; for whenever an opportunity is offered, they always regain their old standard. I have often conversed with and examined, a great many of what the Queen's generals call deserters, but they are only men they have had before, who came back the first opportunity, or sometimes they are forced conscripts, that the Carlists have pressed into their service in overrunning some district of a territory favourable to the Queen, and they get away from them as soon as they can. The real *bonâ fide* prisoners made by the Queen, are few. The *bonâ fide* deserters that have passed over, next to nothing; nor have the Carlists had scarce a *bonâ fide* deserter—this is the most extraordinary feature of the war. In certain districts they are nearly all Carlists, in other districts they are nearly all Queenites ; nor will bad treatment, or any circumstance, make them undergo a voluntary change of standard.

To escape from fighting is impossible—this dogged and fixed determination on the part of the Spaniards not to change, puts it out of the power of Don Carlos to increase his partisans by making converts, and therefore to succeed. As to the Queen's generals, and their hundred times told tale of *dispersing* and *destroying* the Carlist bands of Cabrera and Merino, and other Carlist chiefs,—that respectable English Whig papers can continue to republish such accounts, as if they believed them, is really astonishing. Gomez, when he went through a Christino, and therefore an enemy's country, in the South of Spain, came back the distance of five hundred miles, at the rate of ten leagues (thirty miles) a day—perhaps it is the most extraordinary march on record. I went with Espartero as far as Andoain, when he made his forward march on Pampeluna to Madrid. After he left us, he only marched at the rate of four leagues a day to arrive at Pampeluna, having twenty thousand men, and but three thousand of the enemy to annoy his rear. Thus Carlist generals

can and do march as far in one day as the Queen's in two* ; and the lightly armed Carlist soldiers, having neither straps or knapsacks about them, when pursued by the enemy, can always run four hundred yards while the others run three. Thus Espartero with his guards, brave and good troops as they are, yet, being encumbered with shakos, straps, and knapsacks, have never been able to bring Don Carlos, during his whole retreat of three hundred and fifty miles, from Madrid to the Ebro, to a general action, and have never had any other affairs but a skirmish with the Carlist rear guard. In spite of the pompous bulletins, there has been nothing like a general battle, and the prisoners he boasts of are *bagageros*, muleteers, and others, pressed into the service,

* "Frequently the Royal army had to march for sixteen, eighteen, and twenty-three hours successively. On one occasion, Zumalacarregui being with the King, I remember that the march continued twenty hours, no halt for above twenty-five minutes being made during this time, and the soldiers scarcely quitting their arms."
—*Henningsen's Campaign*, Vol. I., p. 192.

and forced conscripts, that were glad to get away from the Carlists.

Whoever trusts in the honour, honesty, courage, and high principle of Espartero, will never be deceived. Whoever trusts to his military talents, activity, and decision, will be woefully deceived; rouse him, and he has the spirit of a lion; an energy and activity for a short time you could not think him capable of, as he proved when he did at last *get out of bed*, and put himself at the head of the Guards, and relieve Bilbao. "Wet your priming and use the bayonet," he said to the Guards, when he led them on, and with the cold steel took possession of the strong heights occupied by the enemy. There never was a braver or better done thing. When I was at Bilbao he was scarcely ever visible, and rarely out of his house, and never but once on horseback during three weeks. I learnt from those employed about him, that, in fact, he was rarely out of his bed—sometimes he does not quit it for days together—for his general habit is to spend the greater part

of his time *au lit*. He possesses what the French call a "*petite santé*" at all times, but he is likewise a continual sufferer from chronic complaints. Espartero cannot do an ungentlemanly or dishonourable act, for that reason the officers of the Spanish Guards, being gentlemen, are devoted to him. There was a delicacy and nobleness in his conduct to General Evans, which I shall ever admire, and never forget. When he moved on the 14th of May to attack the Venta at Hernani, he was well aware how unfortunate General Evans had been on the same ground before, and how nearly his time of service was expired; when any one came for an order during the operations of the day, he had the delicacy to say, that, as General Evans must be better acquainted with the ground, he was, therefore, better able to give orders than himself, and he referred them to the General, begging him to consider himself as commanding officer: and when General Evans marched to attack Irun and Fuenterrabia, Espartero purposely staid away, and remained at

Hernani, putting the twelve thousand men under the orders of the English general, and giving up the entire command to him, as he had been unlucky before, when attacking Fuenterrabia; and yet those that know Espartero will say, he is both a vain and ambitious man—if he be, the sacrifice he made was the greater, and the more he is to be praised and admired for it. Espartero is one of the few Christino generals that ought not to be suspected; no one who has studied his character can believe him to be capable of acting with treachery towards the Queen. If his military talents were equal to his courage, or his activity to his honesty, or his decision to his sense of honour, the Queen would possess a General above all price—but alas! it is not so.

But after all, even with his faults and failings, Espartero has been, I think, unfairly dealt with by the Whig papers. It is not in his power to overtake the Carlists but when they please, and when he does overtake them he can never bring them to

action unless it suits them, for we have practical proof that the Carlist bands can and do march as far in one day as the Queen's troops in two ; and when overtaken, they but quit the high road, and if pursued, get away from their enemy, by their superior activity, and run four hundred yards to their three. This fully explains the nature of the movements of the Queen's generals. As much blame does not belong to them, as has been generally supposed, and one battle lost by them would be fatal. It is certainly foolish of them to write such pompous despatches, and represent things as they are not. The Carlist bands are continually described by the Queen's generals as *dispersed* and *destroyed*, and the English Whig papers are still ridiculous enough not only to repeat these accounts, but to dwell on them as if they were true ; when the real fact is, if it does not suit the inclinations or calculations of the Carlist chiefs to fight, they *disperse their followers*, dash up the mountains, and give themselves a rendezvous at one, two, or three days' march

distant, at twenty-five, fifty, or seventy miles, and even further. So great is their devotion to Don Carlos, that every man will be at the appointed spot, if no accident has happened to him, and the next thing you hear of the *dispersed* and *destroyed* bands of Cabrera and Merino is, that the destroyed are *destroyers*; that they take a place of great importance from the Christinos at the distance of fifty or one hundred miles, with a garrison of four or five hundred men, and too often many pieces of artillery, and much ammunition. This is the real interpretation of the destruction and dispersion of the Carlist bands and their enterprising and gallant chiefs, which has been announced at least a hundred times by the Christino journals, both in Spain and England, and I suppose they will continue the same announcements.

I can see no end to this war*. The Queen's

* "We all agreed in the same judgment, of the great improbability of the four provinces being reconquered by the Queen; nay, the impossibility of such an occurrence, unless the Carlists fell into that apathy so

troops can always drive Don Carlos back when he quits his mountains ; but the moment they venture into the mountains, they always have, and always will get the worst of it, except the whole of the Queen's system be changed.

The cities will have nothing to do with Don Carlos ; he cannot take and *continue* to occupy one ; his opponents cannot drive him out of the mountains as long as he can receive the sinews of war through the Jews at Bayonne. All I say to the people of England is—buy not into the Spanish funds—have nothing to do with them—they are not worth one penny. A friend of mine, who had lived much in Spain, used to sum up the value of the securities of that Govern-

inherent in the Spanish character after success. An army of fifty thousand well-appointed, and commanded by a general acquainted with the country, would be required even to make an impression ; and not less than one hundred and fifty thousand could, by a system of occupation as well as of operation, effectually get them under ; and it is clear that all the resources of the Queen are insufficient to combine that strength.”—*Court and Camp of Don Carlos, by Honan, p. 258.*

ment in a few words, and too truly, in spite of the *jeu-de-mots*, by saying, "that it is
" against their principle to pay the interest,
" and it is against their interest to pay the
" principal;" and so he urgently advises every one to have nothing to do with them, at any price, as they are sure not to get either interest or principal. I hope my countrymen will not forget his advice.

The English nation ought to be very much obliged to Mr. Honan, Captain Henningsen, and Mr. Stephens, for giving an account of the resources of Don Carlos and his strength, that the public may not remain the dupes of the Christino contest. All I blame them for is, trying to gloss over or excuse his acts of cruelty; and that they should too often first pass into the Christino camps, and gain all the information they can, and so act the part of spies, and then pass over to Don Carlos with the information. Let them keep on one side or the other, but do not let them be guilty of dishonourable practices, by following the opposite line of conduct. Why, what are they but foreigners

themselves, assisting the cause of Don Carlos, and whether by the pen or by the sword—Captain Henningsen with both—yet they try, more or less, to palliate the Durango decree, which condemns to death foreigners that happen to go on the side contrary to the one they have adopted themselves.

Spain and Portugal resemble each other so much in habits, language, and ideas, that what has taken place in one country may serve as a sure guide as to what will take place in the other. Don Miguel was driven out in 1834, and what have you had since but a continued state of civil war between the Chartists and Constitutionalists; and the shopkeepers of Lisbon are, like the shopkeepers of London, Paris, Madrid, and other large places, always the representatives of the most radical opinion of their respective countries, and unfortunately a momentary victory has crowned the efforts of the Constitutionalists, and the shopkeepers of Lisbon have turned the scale; but in a country like Spain and Portugal, where the nobility, by their

possessions* and position, do enjoy much influence, the present establishment of the Constitution in Portugal cannot be durable, and the battles of a fresh civil war must take place once more.

Had the Charter of Don Pedro been established at Lisbon, there might have been some hopes of a moderate government being established at Madrid. No government that deprives the nobility—in that, or any other country—of a fair portion of influence, can be durable, on account of their large possessions, and the influence wealth must give; and, in Spain and Portugal, until *one* chamber is nominated for *life* by the sovereign, the forms of government can never be permanent, because the foundation on which it is built must be rotten. It neither represents the wishes or necessities of the real majority

* “The lands,” says Laborde, “for three, six, eight, twelve, and fifteen miles in extent, often belong to one owner: the nobility and the clergy possess nearly the whole. The third part of Spain is held by the houses of Medina Celi, Alba, l’Infantado, Aceda, and some few other grandees.”

of the nation ; but a revolution in these countries has not the same effect as in others, and this is another extraordinary and important feature in the question : it shews that it is not a desire of revolution, of upsetting, that forms the impulse of action. Those that think that Madrid is in a state of revolution at present, as far as regards etiquette, and the homage due to rank and royalty, are much mistaken. I will explain to you what I mean. If, at this hour, only a piece of royal livery passes on the *Prado* (the Hyde Park of Madrid), or any where else, and there are merely some nursemaids and children in the royal vehicle, of some of the younger branches of the royal family—those of the Infanta Don Francisco de Paolo for instance, or any other—every carriage, whether of the *grandees*, the *bourgeoisie*, or the foreign ministers, would stand still while it passed in the middle of the *chaussée*, as if they had met a procession of the Sacrament in the street. What should we say, if we were forced to do the same thing in unrevolutionized England ?

I know the French have an idea that there can be no revolution except upon the principle of the old *Egalité* system: *à bas les rois, à bas les nobles*—no titles nor rank; no distinctions, no armorial bearings. Even the sovereign of their choice is forced to wear a blank *écusson* at this very hour; *citoyen* to every one, is their ruling passion.

Thus poor Louis Philippe has been obliged to lay aside the armorial bearings of his family, and where they were emblazoned and chiselled in stone at the entrance-staircase and various parts of his *family* residence, the Palais Royal, he has been forced to have them effaced: and was he to-morrow to dare the attempt to wear them on his carriage, in less than one week he would be driven out of Paris, and cease to be King of France. Were the thing only ridiculous, it would not matter; but its effects have been very serious and untoward. He possesses a highly educated family, and their fortunes will be large: his sons are noble and brave—his daughters virtuous, fair, and beautiful. The eldest daughter, being a *barricade* princess, married the only

barricade king that the Revolution of July produced. Then it required a most minute research, for five years, into all the poorest and smallest German courts, to bring to a conclusion two matrimonial alliances. Ambassadors, or secret envoys, have been sent, in every direction, for years, on these matrimonial voyages, and the heir *apparent* has, after years of fruitless essays, gained his object; and the second princess, the most accomplished in Europe, has, at last, succeeded in getting a younger branch of the Wurtemberg family—a major-general in the Russian army—for her husband. The pride of the most insignificant of the smallest little German courts would not admit the daughters of a house into their petty dominions that had been forced to *continue* to renounce their family arms, and must, therefore, bring a blank escutcheon to quarter by the side of that of the family they entered into. By what ridiculous trifles are nations and individuals governed. Louis Philippe has dared to put Paris in a state of siege — Charles X. attempted it, and lost his throne;—but still he dare not

replace his family coat of arms in his own palace. But he is wise enough not only to discern but to profit by the discovery, that the French adore and worship equality, and care nothing about, and know nothing about liberty; and as long as he continues to flatter these levelling propensities of the nation, he may continue to trample on their *real* liberties as much as he pleases, with impunity.

These levelling principles are French ideas of revolution, but not Spanish: they desire but liberty, guarded and defended by constitutional guarantees; it is because they are sick of despotism—it is not equality they seek; they wish the sovereign to enjoy his rights, and the people theirs. The French would sooner have equality (*égalité*) without liberty, than liberty without equality. In Spain it is not a revolutionary feeling that either caused or feeds the war: it is the choice of despotism, or the guarantees of a constitution.

It has been mentioned, in a work written, it is said, by an influential supporter of Her Majesty's Government—and his views are supposed to coincide with those of the Mi-

nisters—"That had three thousand men, such
 " as the British Marines, been in the field
 " on the 16th of March, the Queen's army
 " would have left a garrison at Hernani,
 " and marched that night to Tolosa, and
 " within a week from that time, the British
 " officer who commanded Her Majesty's
 " troops might have mediated between the
 " belligerents, and England would have
 " given peace to Spain*." I wish it were
 so; but let it not be forgotten, that if Don
 Carlos were put down, there would still be
 no peace in Spain. Then would arise the
 same war in Spain, between the *moderados*
 and *exaltados*; that is the Royal Guards
 against the National Guards, as there is
 now in Portugal, between the Chartist
 (*moderados*) and the Constitutionalists (*ex-*
altados). But to return to the Marines:
 " had another battalion (four hundred and
 " fifty men) been on the left flank, nei-
 " ther panic nor confusion would have
 " occurred*." But how get them to the
 position occupied by the troops on the left

* *Vide* Pamphlet on Spanish Policy.

flank, but by advancing over the hills, and doing the marching work, the climbing work, and undergoing the fatigue, and that they cannot do with their heavy knapsacks, and those horrid, cumbersome, and worse than useless shakos, nearly the same as those the Legion took out with them, and which they were forced to throw away almost as soon as they got to Spain, and were compelled to get common light cloth caps from England, nearly after the model of the Carlist cap, the *boyna* or *berét* of the country ; and in addition, how were the Marines to stand alone, even if once placed there, when the Queen's troops did on the 16th of March, as they have since done at Andoain, run away from the enemy, when more than half a mile off them, and this the Queen's troops will always do once out of three times, whenever the Carlists attack with vigour their antagonists, and say fairly to them, you shall have my skin, or I will have your's* Why were these marines so

See Appendix, D.

useful on the 16th, because they were posted on a rising and commanding situation, close to the *great road*, and had only to stand still, and resist those that *attacked*. Discipline and courage were all that was required, and they possess both to an eminent degree; and so judiciously placed were they, by that most excellent and clear sighted officer, Colonel Owen, that, had they been overwhelmed by superior numbers, though in heavy marching order, encumbered with much weight, they had only a mile and a half to retreat before they entered within the protection of our fortified lines, marching over an excellent macadamized road.

As this supporter of Government has taken so unpractical a view of the case, it is but fair to observe, that when the Marines had to pass the mountains, and *work* and *climb* as much as the Legion, they were less efficient than the Legion, even when that body was in rather a raw state on its first attack on Fuenterrabia; that they rolled about, and fell down with

their heavy accoutrements, and became so exhausted, that the Legion were forced to pick them up and help them on. The cry of the Legion then was, "Five shillings to pick up a jolly heavy-tailed marine;" and when the Legion ran away on the 16th of March, and in their runaway flight, passed the Marines, who so gallantly stood still and defied the enemy, though four times their number; they then very fairly revenged themselves by crying out, "I think, my lads, it would be a good thing if your tails were a little heavier now, where would you be without the heavy-tailed Marines to save you?" It was on the mountain ground, marching to Fuenterabia, that I saw the Marines so distressed. By a reference to notes, the direful effect may be seen of having troops heavily armed, when employed in this mountain warfare.

Another plan proposed in the same pamphlet, is the guarantee of £.500,000 sterling; it would be of no use except you had English people, named by our Government, to see every farthing was employed to *pay* the troops,

or else the greater part would be plundered by persons holding official employment. I was told by an authority that was unexceptionable, that though the Queen's soldiers had hardly shoes to their feet, and there was the greatest distress for money, yet the too celebrated general, who then commanded at Vittoria, charged the Queen's Government half a dollar a day for one thousand two hundred mules, without having *one* of them, and put the money in his own pocket, which the jewellers' shops, and gambling tables at Paris, now reap the benefit of: and we know, that four millions of francs were divided by the Queen and her Prime Minister, Torreno, a bribe given by Rothschild to obtain a lease of the quicksilver mines at less than their actual value. This we learn, from a late public discussion in the Cortes, and it appears they are about for this reason to disannul the contract. We must never forget that the Madrid of 1837 is the Madrid of Gil Blas in all transactions with Spain.

When Greek meets Greek, then will come the tug of war. The Carlist mountaineers

can never be put down, but by the Carlist system—*voluntarios* against *voluntarios*; and not only must they be volunteers, but they must be armed as lightly and suitably as the Carlists are. The Carlist forces are nearly all volunteers—they do not give you the idea of regular troops when you see them—they are in fact mountain bands, commanded by their own neighbours—they have no gentlemen among them, *the gentlemen even of Don Carlos's districts being in favour of the Queen*. We all know what the volunteers and yeomanry corps were composed of in England:—the gentlemen of the county,—of those families, who, from their property in land, furnished the sheriffs and members of the counties, were the officers; and the leading yeomen of the district formed the corporals and sergeants, and the other yeomen who were in easy circumstances, as they could keep a horse fit for a charger, mixed with the class which they call squireens and buckeens in Ireland, formed our corps of yeomanry cavalry. Those that furnished the sergeants and pri-

vates of our yeomanry cavalry, are the men that form the *officers* of the Carlist mountain *infantry*, and the privates are composed of the peasants. The class of men who form the officers from which those of our yeomanry corps were generally taken, do not exist amongst them, because, as I have before observed, the gentlemen of the country are against Don Carlos, and in favour of the Queen*.

To make the most effective mountain troops in the world, all the Carlists wanted was time for organization; at first, they might have been easily put down; if they had had one special favour to ask of the

* "Bands of armed men assembled—the peasant furnished up his musket, which had lain idle at least since the days of the constitution—and retired officers and hidalgos of the class *half peasant and half gentleman*, of which Cervantes describes his hero as a member, took down their swords, which had hung useless on their walls since the days when Spain was glorious. Such were the leaders, who, mounting their steeds, placed themselves at the head of knots of insurgents, which gradually swelled into imposing bands."—*Henningsen's Campaign with Zumalacarregui*, Vol. I., p. 38.

Christino generals, it would have been this :

“ As we are now quite unprepared—our
 “ men, though brave, not disciplined—with
 “ neither sufficient arms nor ammunition—
 “ we want time to get both. We want time
 “ to get foreign supplies and foreign officers
 “ to organize us. We want time for every
 “ thing—leave us quiet, we know where to
 “ get what we want. Put a number of your
 “ troops around us, to stand still and see us
 “ make our preparations: let them be in a weak
 “ extended line; let them consume all your
 “ ready money, while we are procuring ours
 “ —call that *blockading* us, to satisfy public
 “ opinion; and when we are quite ready, en-
 “ tirely formed and equipped, let us choose
 “ our time and points of attack—let us then
 “ find a long and weakly extended line, that
 “ we may fall on our enemies, when we please
 “ and where we please, with our close and
 “ united columns.” All the Carlists could
 ask of their enemies, was, not to attack them
 in their unformed state: without arms, dis-
 cipline, or clothing—they only wanted time
 to form their brave mountaineer-bands, and

this was granted them. Whether the request was made, or whether their wishes were complied with without any demand, I know not; but this was exactly what Cordova did accord to the Carlists in pursuing his famous *blockade system*—so great are the ignorances and *bêtises* committed in this war—that entire ignorance of the real position or effect of any thing—that the plan was praised: praised up to the skies as a *chef-d'œuvre* of invention by the Queen's government, the British government, the French government, and by the leading journals of each country supporting them: future history will scarcely credit it*.

The English Legion certainly has been a failure: the great cause of its not succeeding was the ignorant manner in which it was

* “His (Cordova's) boasted plan of *blockade*—the *laissez faire* system of a *juste milieu* general—has fallen to the ground, and the insurrection which originally existed only in Guipuscoa and Navarre, has extended to Gallicia, Arragon, Catalonia, and to Castile itself.”—*Vide Twelve Months in the British Legion, by an Officer of the Ninth Regiment*, p. 247.

armed. It was got up in the city, and it was equipped just as you would expect the well-fed citizens of London to arm Englishmen to kill Spaniards. Every thing that was handsome, solid, strong, and of the best quality, and with a profusion of patent leather; but, unluckily, every thing was, therefore, heavy and stiff. An entire want of knowledge of the nature of the warfare, and of the country they were to be employed in, was displayed; but Spaniards that equipped themselves to kill these Englishmen were armed in the opposite way, and who succeeded the best?

One hundred and twenty-seven English soldiers and thirteen officers have been murdered at Andoain—of that there is no doubt; and there ought to be no doubt on another subject,—that it is the duty of the English Parliament to see that the murderer becomes a second Cain—a wanderer on the face of the earth. Let it not be remarked with taunt by the foreigner, at the commencement of the reign of what I hope will be the glorious reign of our young and beloved Queen—I mean not

beloved in name, but in heart and reality—that England either dare not punish its wrongs, be it on account of the menaces of other powers, or the affair of a few paltry pounds, shillings, and pence. Well, then, should we deserve to be taunted with being “a nation of shopkeepers.” We not only ought, but must, interfere—for the blood of our countrymen and insulted honour of England must be avenged; by driving Don Carlos out of Spain, or hanging him, if caught, with the Durango decree round his neck. “He that sheddeth man’s blood, by man shall his blood be shed,” is the declaration of the Word of God*: but this purpose will never be effected until there be light-armed Christino *voluntarios* to meet Carlist light-armed *voluntarios*. It is a plan that I have often heard suggested, both as economical

* I feel convinced, as far as we take the Scriptures for our guide—and they are not only our best, but should be our only guide—that we, as Christians, have no right to punish with death, except for the crime of murder; and I hope to see our criminal code reformed, in that sense, ere long.

and effective, by those in whose judgment and talents I have the highest opinion; by officers who have served against Don Miguel in Portugal, and the whole period of the Legion in Spain. Will the Government go to the expense of sending out three thousand English troops, paying them their field allowances, and other extra war expenses? Send out the three thousand troops, and they will not be of the least use; but spend the entire money that the three thousand men would cost, in paying—or even guarantee the pay—of a *peseta* (ten-pence) a day, to ten thousand volunteers, which is four times the pay of the Spanish line, they having only a *real* (two-pence halfpenny) a day; but the regular pay must be guaranteed by the English Government, and they must also bind themselves not to discontinue it without giving a year's notice of their intention. The instant they were sure of regular pay there would be no difficulty in finding ten thousand *voluntarios*, and almost all of the Basque provinces. There must be given them an outfit of a good great coat, a pair of shoes, and a blanket:

the whole arrangements would not cost more than to employ three or four thousand of our own troops in Spain. The one thousand men of the British Legion might be blended in this corps ; but it would be necessary to alter their accoutrements, and get rid of their knapsacks. All this must not only be on the *voluntario* system—men like the Carlists, “ whose hearts are in their arms ;” because they are volunteers—but they must be equipped precisely as the Carlists are : a military great coat, of good cloth ; a *boyna*, for *shako* ; a Carlist cartridge pouch, a *canana*, which rather supports than fatigues the wearer, as it goes round the waist ; and a small something to place the bayonet in attached to the strap of it : they must have a good blanket, that is worn rolled up, and placed over the shoulders, as the Scotch wear their plaids—the blanket, when unrolled, is thrown across their shoulders, either to keep off cold or wet, when on march or on guard, and at night they wrap themselves up in it ;—and a canvass bag, exactly as the Carlists have, slung as they wear them, and which can

contain two or three days' ration : but they must have neither knapsack or any kind of strap—in fact, they must be armed as lightly as their enemies are. Zumalacarregui had always barbers attached to the regiments, to prevent the soldiers encumbering themselves with razors, and other small things. Not only volunteer pay, but volunteer *rations* must be furnished, as they are much larger than those accorded to the troops of the line.

If the pay of ten thousand volunteers, or even half that number, was guaranteed by the English Government, the men could be easily found; and in six months from the beginning of March, when the weather would allow operations to begin, Don Carlos would not be found, *in person*, in Spain. We must never lose sight of the fact, that the Spanish *voluntarios**, on both sides, have always

* “ The enemy, who were not regulars but *peseteros*, remained firm at their post.” “ These men (the *Chapelgorris*), like the *peseteros*, on account of their ferocity and personal knowledge of the country and its inhabitants, at first inspired great terror.” — *Henningsen's Campaign*, Vol. I., p. 218.

fought well, and have never given way until they were beaten. No other troops can be depended on amongst the Spaniards.

The peasant from the south, as *forced* conscript, does not care sufficiently about the question to fight for it, and takes every means to avoid risking his person, either by giving up to the enemy a strong place he could with little risk easily defend, or if in the field by running away from the enemy, as soon as they make their appearance. But above all things, there must be an abundant supply of spherical shells; for the Carlists will not, and cannot face them. The hide-behind-something warfare is of no use or protection where they are employed; but they must be fired from small mountain guns that are carried on the backs of mules, and move wherever the troops go: the remains of the English artillery could be easily employed on that service. But not only the mules must be furnished by the British Government, but their rations must also be furnished from the same fund

of money, or these mules would never be kept for that service, but continually ordered away for other purposes.

One thing is pretty clear; you can never have any chance of making an impression on the Carlists, until you have volunteers against their volunteers, and who are *regularly paid*, and armed lightly and effectually for this mountain warfare*. Remember, the Duke of Wellington had all the mountaineers in his favour, when he made his campaign against the French armies in Spain; and if he came up with them, and threw their rear into disorder, the Guerillas, as they were called, then did their work. A check experienced by the Carlists does them no harm, for you can never profit by it. Buerens, I think it was, who claimed a great victory over the Carlists, and yet concluded his despatch, by saying, "He did not know what had become of his beaten enemy, but *thought* they had gone into the mountains." Espartero came up several times with the rear guard of the Carlists,

* See Appendix, E.

during their late retreat from Madrid, but he could take no advantage of it, as he had neither *Chapelgorris*, or light-armed troops with him, that could either march on the road, or run up the mountains so fast as the Carlists : had he had two or three thousand light-armed volunteers, the Carlist army would have been nearly destroyed in reality, and not on paper only. There are several important positions that should be always garrisoned by volunteers, such as the Las Banderas, the signal station, and several strong posts likewise near Bilbao. Cantavieja in particular, should it ever be taken again from the Carlists : and the new fortified positions round Hernani ; and, above all, Irun, from its not being a regular fortified town. It is of no use putting Spanish troops of the line, who are not volunteers, into these places, you cannot depend on them. The Carlists took the Banderas originally because the troops did not choose to risk their lives as soldiers ought, in defending it, but surrendered it as soon as asked. According to Mr. Stephens's Carlist account, various strong

positions round Bilbao were taken without any fair resistance being made. These are positive facts, and must never be lost sight of. Let the foreign powers like or dislike our interference, it matters not, *fiat justitia ruat cælum*—the murderer and assassin must be driven out of Spain. The honour of England, and the unavenged blood of our murdered countrymen, require it. The laws of nations must be enforced, and cannot be allowed to be violated with impunity.

Though I have laughed at others for prophesying on Spanish affairs, I can venture to prophecy, without any *fear* of being contradicted by events, that the war will not be settled in ten years;—that, if Don Carlos be driven out of Spain, a war will then commence between the *moderados* and *exaltados* of the constitutional party: the same sort of war that now exists in Portugal. The fact is, until there be a *moderado* Government, both in Spain and Portugal, giving a fair share of influence to the nobility of the country, the question can never be considered as finally settled. As I have

just said, I have no *fear* of being laughed at, because events contradict my prophecies ; all I fear is, that they may prove too true. I hope I may be the falsest prophet that every pretended to foretell the future. My fervent prayer and wish is, that Don Carlos may be speedily driven out of Spain ; that the National Guards of Madrid and Lisbon may be wise enough to be contented with the guarantees of a moderate constitution ; that the due prerogatives of a crown may not be encroached upon either in Spain or Portugal ; that the sovereign may have a veto, and the right of nominating an upper Chamber without election ; that these happy changes may take place, and the speedier the better, in spite of my prophecy to the contrary, is all that I desire, and these changes, at least, will not be “ridiculous” in my eyes, and I hope Lord Carnarvon may live to witness them.

The band of brave Englishmen who remained with their gallant general to the last, and did not desert him under all his difficulties, should be handed down to posterity by

that imperishable recorder of events, the press, which may be compared to a light-house, that scatters its rays far and wide—it is the land-leviathan, that plays and sports with bigotry, prejudices, and error, but in the end to destroy them; through its efforts, truths religious, moral and political, shall be clothed in their panoply of victory.

In the Appendix will be found, the last official list of the British Legion, published at St. Sebastian; and by the side of the honoured names of the brave, who nobly continued to shed their blood for what should be most dear to man, shall be placed the names of the two hundred and forty-two British Members of Parliament, who, on Thursday, the 20th of April, tried, by their vote, to cast undeserved stigmas, employing arguments founded on false accusations of cruelty, on an absent member and on absent men, who had no means of defending themselves; thus following the example of the object of their admiration—Don Carlos; employing, like him, assassination to effect their ends: for there is a moral

as well as a physical assassination, striking absent men behind their backs, using the poisoned weapons of calumny, inaccuracy, and invention*.

Time does quickly pass away, and when they are gathered to the tombs of their fathers, and the purple that covers their remains shews that they enjoyed the good things of this life—their bones at least will not be left to bleach in the desert air, as their murdered butchered countrymen—the victims of Don Carlos—who, not taken in the fair upstanding fight, but first waylaid and entrapped *unarmed*, were butchered by an order signed by his own hand—murdered by him, contrary to the laws of God and of nations—and whose cause these two hundred and forty-two recorded names—*horribile dictu*—members of a British Parliament, have, by their recorded votes so *nobly* espoused, against the interests of their country, against the interests of humanity, against the interests of religion, and the

* See Appendix, F.

precepts of their Redeemer; but vain shall be the attempt, whatever may be the motives, and from whomever it may proceed, to restore Spain once more to a state of stupid monkish despotism; the faggots of the Inquisition have been extinguished, never again to be lighted.



APPENDIX.

APPENDIX.

A.—Page 147.

“ **AFTER** we had learned in some degree to act together as a body, we were frequently led out on long excursions into the hills, in order to inure the men to marching, and accustom them to the weight of their knapsacks and accoutrements, the roughest roads and steepest ascents being selected for the purpose. The very first march we took, diminished the weight of our knapsacks one half, for it was found utterly impossible to carry the usual number of shirts and blacking-brushes in a country so mountainous as that in which we had to act. Frequently, going up a steep hill-side, under a burning sun, I have seen a whole company sit down together, fanning themselves with their foraging caps, and actually gasping with heat and exhaustion. I have often thought since, that it was more through the blessing of Providence than our own ingenuity, that we were not attacked and murdered by the Carlists on

some of these expeditions, as I am sure that a hundred active mountaineers would have knocked us on the head without much difficulty. For my part, I have been so much overcome by heat and fatigue, on these early marches, that I should have gone like a lamb to the slaughter, rather than take the trouble either to fight or run away."—Vide *Twelve Months in the British Legion, by an Officer of the 9th Regiment*, p. 31.

"Already reduced for one day to half rations of bread—the next without bread or wine—wet through—benumbed by the piercing cold of the mountains—if Valdes could have been kept another night in the Sierra, his sixteen thousand men would have surrendered without firing a shot. Those who were killed by the peasantry, had suffered so much, that they made no resistance; though bearing loaded muskets in their hands, they were killed with clubs and stones. I saw a young shepherd who showed us his knotted stick, bloodied at the end, with which he boasted of having killed, separately, three soldiers, who, lost in the mountains, had been driven from their concealment by hunger. He seemed to take as much pride in the deed as if he had been destroying wolves of his own forests, and was surprised when I turned away with an expression of disgust. Five men and a captain had surrendered to two peasants, armed, one with a fowling piece, the other with a loaded stick. Strange as this may seem, hunger, cold, and fatigue, will so wear down men's spirits, that they allow themselves to be massacred

without resistance. This feeling of despondency I have myself experienced, having been in a situation in which, to save my life, I should not have gone twenty yards out of the way, nor should I scarcely, I believe, have taken the trouble of warding off a blow. Until I had experienced this state of mind, I could not understand it—it is the simple effect of privations on our moral as well as our physical strength.”—*Henningesen's Campaign with Zumalacarregui*, Vol. II., p. 162.

B.—Page 171.

The following is the order of the day issued by General Oraa, after the affair of Barbastro, and published in the official Gazette of Madrid, in June last :—

“ The General-in-Chief of the army of the centre has published, in an order of the day, the following dispositions, with the intention of terminating those disorders too frequent in the battles, and of which the consequences may be fatal.

“ I. Every time that a brigade, or a battalion, commences firing, the Commandant-General of the division, or, in his absence, the superior officer shall place in the rear, half a company of artillery and a picquet of cavalry, with orders to shoot any soldier, who, without being wounded, or furnished with competent authority for so doing, shall quit the field of battle.

“ II. The officers of any company which a soldier shall have abandoned, shall be suspended from their rank, and sent prisoners to some fortress until they have proved that they took all necessary measures, and done all which depended upon them to keep the man at his post.

“ III. The Commandants of battalions, or chiefs of troops, who shall be dispersed, or fly coward-like at sight of, or under the fire of the enemy, at the moment when they come into action, shall be instantly suspended from their rank, and incur the penalties decreed against them by a Council of War, which shall be held within twenty-four hours.

“ IV. During the battle, the most profound silence shall be observed. It is forbidden to cry, ‘ Forward, ‘ cavalry!’ or make any other cry, which might disturb the good order which ought always, and particularly during a battle, to reign in the ranks. The man who makes any cry, shall be punished as the competent officers may judge proper. The penalty of death may be applied to those who may have cried, ‘ We are cut ‘ to pieces!—lost!—treason!’ or any other cries which may create disorder, and cause the position to be abandoned. The chiefs of battalions, and officers of companies, who shall have heard, or permitted a cry, shall be suspended from their rank.

“ V. Conformably to the plan already established in the Army of the North, and according to the temporary regulations here made, there shall be a company

formed to carry away, and take care of the wounded in each brigade; in consequence, no other individual is allowed to quit the ranks. This abuse having been tolerated until now, the third part of the disposable force, has been sometimes lost in the midst of a battle. Every soldier who infringes on the present order, shall be instantly shot, unless he returns to his ranks, on being ordered to do so by his officer.

“VI. As the ordnance forbids firing without the orders of the chiefs, they, and the officers of the corps, will employ the greatest energy to avoid the accidents occasioned by useless shots. They will economize the munitions as much as possible, and will only permit batteries, and entire companies to engage with the guerillas or isolated men, and never but within musket shot. These abuses discourage the troops, who uselessly consume their cartridges, which they ought to preserve for more decisive occasions.

“VII. The commandants, generals of divisions, and chiefs of brigades, are responsible for the execution of the present dispositions, which shall be inserted in the order of the day of the army, and read before going into battle.

“CASTELLANO.”

C.—Page 243.

According to the ridiculous official statements published in the *Gazette* of Madrid, the number of Carlists

killed in the field of battle up to the 1st of April, 1836, is	280,535
From the 1st April, to 8th October, 1806, ...	33,927
Carlist prisoners to 1st April, 1836,.....	54,493
Ditto, to 8th October, 1836,	11,760

Total of Carlists killed, and prisoners, ... 380,715

Muskets taken during the above periods, 113,221 ; battles gained, 597, which are further divided into 327 partial affairs, and 270 total routs.

Mr. Honan states the case fairly, when he observes there is not much to choose between the Carlist and Christino despatches, as far as veracity is concerned ; he says these narratives, “ (Official Christino despatches) were sent into other countries uncontradicted, except by some private letters, to form the ground-work of financial delusion, by which, in turn, each money-market in Europe has been sacrificed, and for the conception and execution of which, the Spanish Ministers of the Treasury enjoy a special reputation.” I was even told by the officer of the day, on one of these great battles, whose duty it was to count the bodies of the slain enemy on the field, that he found but forty-five corpses, while the *Gazette* represented no less than three thousand four hundred, put *hors de combat*, an instance of exaggeration only to be matched by a *Carlist Bulletin*, lately published, of Cordova’s retreat to Vittoria, which, headed “ Victory ! victory ! victory !!! ” declared that

nine thousand men were destroyed out of twelve thousand, although, in good truth, not more than sixty poor fellows bit the dust"—*Honan's Court and Camp of Don Carlos*, p. 6.

D.—Page 261.

"The courage of the Navarrese, and not only of the Navarrese, but of the Spaniards generally, is of a nature that requires some explanation. Of late years they have made the worst regular troops in Europe: but this springs from a total want of confidence in their own officers, who are drawn from those classes I have described as utterly demoralized, and who have often abandoned or betrayed their followers, or sacrificed them through ignorance. It is also true, that generally in a fair, stand-up fight, the Spaniards will not behave with the determination of French or English soldiers, who like a few decisive actions, and then to have done. The reluctance of Napoleon's marshals and generals, towards the end of their career, to enter on fresh battles, in which, when once engaged, they behaved with so much heroism, is a striking proof of this disposition; and the French veterans with whom I have conversed, as well as some French deserters serving in our ranks—as brave men as ever wielded a musket—bear me out in the assertion, that whenever the troops of that nation have

reaped a harvest of glory, they grow tired of fighting. This I believe to be the case with all the nations of the north. Their soldiers have cheerfully run the most imminent personal hazard in the actions in which they have been engaged ; but, after a time, they like to sit under the shadow of the laurels they have gathered. The courage of the Spaniard, on the contrary, although it will not urge him with such determined bravery in the face of danger, will lead him to run a greater risk, by remaining for years, or a whole life-time, in warfare, the continuance of which, sweeps his race from the earth, with more certainty than the most bloody battles of a brief campaign or two."—*Campaign with Zumalacarregui*, by Captain Henningsen, Vol. I., p. 63.

E.—Page 275.

" Well aware that it could only be by the rapidity of his marches and the hardiness of his men, that he (Zumalacarregui) could hope to struggle with the fearful odds against which he opened the campaign, he equipped them as lightly as possible. Instead of the cartridge box and sword, which, dangling on a soldier's thigh, greatly fatigue him on a long day's march, he had leather belts made to buckle behind, holding in front twenty tin tubes, and two pockets, containing each two packets more of cartridges, all covered with a leather flap. This

contrivance had the advantage of saving many cartridges, which are often let fall in the confusion of action, when the soldier has to take them from his cartouch box. The belt, too, rather aids than incommodes him on his march, and allows him to fire much more rapidly. This cartridge belt has, hitherto, been objected to in France and England, on the plea of the danger of the cartridges placed in front igniting from the fire of the musket, when the men fire in line. In a mountainous country, where men must be so much dispersed as skirmishers, this objection was overruled; and even otherwise, I am a staunch advocate for the adoption of this method, as the danger is little greater than that of the cartouch box exploding from the fire of the second or third line, and the advantages are immense. Instead of the knapsack, he adopted little canvass bags, in which the soldier was allowed to carry only a shirt, a pair of sandals, and a day's provisions; although, afterwards, when our marches became less arduous, they were tacitly permitted to load themselves with any thing they pleased, but then, of course, they had no right to complain. They had always a decided objection to the knapsack, which with the shako, the stock, and the cartridge box, were articles of the enemy's spoil they always left on the field as useless. The national *béret* he substituted for the heavy shako—a gratuitous torment to the soldier, which does not even parry a sabre cut in a charge of cavalry, as it is vulgarly imagined; for no stroke is given perpendicularly down-

wards by a trooper, all are aimed diagonally, according to the rules of the sword exercise. With men who had thus nothing but their musket to carry, troops armed as heavily as those in regular armies usually are, stood no chance of competing on a march."—*Henningsen's Campaign*, Vol. I., p. 106.

F.—Page 280.

In the House of Commons, on Monday, the 17th of April, LORD JOHN RUSSELL having moved, that "the Ordnance Estimates be referred to the Committee of Supply,"

SIR HENRY HARDINGE moved, as an amendment :

"That an humble address be presented to His Majesty, praying that His Majesty will be graciously pleased not to renew the Order in Council of the 10th of June, 1835, granting His Majesty's royal licence to British subjects to enlist into the service of the Queen of Spain, which Order in Council will expire on the 10th of June next; and praying also, that His Majesty will be graciously pleased to give directions that the marine forces of His Majesty shall not be employed in the civil contest now prevailing in Spain, otherwise than in that naval co-operation which His Majesty has engaged to afford, if necessary, under the stipulations of treaty."

At the conclusion of Lord John Russell's speech, the house divided :

For considering the Ordnance Estimates in Committee of Supply.....	278
For Sir Henry Hardinge's amendment.....	242
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Majority for ministers.....	36
	<hr/>

MINORITY.

Agnew, Sir Andrew	Barneby, J.
Alford, Lord Viscount	Bateson, Sir R.
Alsager, Captain	Beckett, Rt. Hon. Sir. J.
Arbuthnott, Hon. Hugh	Bell, M.
Archdall, M.	Bentinck, Lord G.
Ashley, Lord	Bethell, R.
Ashley, Hon. H.	Blackburne, I.
Bagot, Hon. W.	Blackstone, W. S.
Bailey, J.	Bolling, W.
Baillie, Hugh D.	Bonham, R. F.
Bainbridge, E. T.	Bowles, G. R.
Balfour, T.	Bradshaw, J.
Baring, F.	Bramston, T. W.
Baring, H. B.	Brownrigg, S.
Baring, W. B.	Bruce, C. L. Cumming
Baring, T.	Bruen, Colonel

Bruen, F.	Dottin, A. R.
Buller, Sir John Yarde	Dowdeswell, W.
Burrell, Sir Charles	Duffield, T.
Calcraft, John Hales	Dunbar, G.
Campbell, Sir H.	Duncombe, Hon. W.
Canning, Rt. Hon. Sir S.	East, J. B.
Castlereagh, Lord	Eastnor, Lord Viscount
Chandos, Marquis of	Eaton, R. J.
Chaplin, Colonel	Egerton, Sir P.
Chapman, A.	Egerton, Lord F.
Charlton, E. L.	Elley, Sir J.
Chichester, A.	Elwes, J. P.
Clive, Lord Viscount	Estcourt, T.
Clive, Hon. R. H.	Estcourt, T.
Codrington, C. W.	Farrand, R.
Cole, Hon. A. H.	Fector, J. M.
Cole, Lord Viscount	Feilden, W.
Compton, H. C.	Ferguson, G.
Conolly, E. M.	Fielden, J.
Cooper, E. J.	Finch, G.
Coote, Sir C.	Fleming J.
Copeland, W. T.	Foley, E. T.
Corry, Rt. Hon. II.	Follett, Sir W.
Dalbiac, Sir C.	Forbes, W.
Damer, G. L. D.	Forester, Hon G.
Darlington, Earl of	Forster, C. S.
Davenport, J.	Freshfield, J. W.
Dick, Quintin	Gaskell, J. M.

Geary, Sir W.	Herries, Rt. Hon. J. C.
Gladstone, T.	Hillsborough, Earl of
Gladstone, W. E.	Hinde, J. H.
Glynne, Sir S.	Hogg, J. W.
Goodricke, Sir F.	Hope, J.
Gordon, Hon. Capt.	Hope, H. T.
Goulburn, Right Hon. H.	Hotham, Lord
Goulburn, Mr. Serjeant	Houldsworth, T.
Graham, Rt. Hon. Sir J.	Houston, G.
Grant, Hon. Colonel	Hoy, J. B.
Greene, Thomas	Hughes, W. H.
Greisley, Sir Roger	Jermyn, Lord
Grimston, Lord	Inglis, Sir R. H.
Grimston, Hon. E. H.	Jones, W.
Hale, Robert Blagden	Jones, T.
Halford, Henry	Irton, S.
Hamilton, G. A.	Kearsley, J. H.
Hamilton, Lord C.	Kerrison, Sir E.
Hanmer, H.	Kirk, P.
Hanmer, Sir J.	Knatchbull, Rt. Hon. Sir E.
Harcourt, G. G.	Knightley, Sir C.
Harcourt, G. S.	Law, Hon. C. E.
Hardinge, Rt. Hon. Sir H.	Lawson, A.
Hardy, J.	Lees, J. F.
Hawkes, T.	Lefroy, A.
Hayes, Sir E. S.	Lefroy, Right Hon. T.
Henniker, Lord	Lewis, D.
Herbert, Hon. S.	Lewis, W.

Lopes, Sir R.	Palmer, R.
Lowther, Hon. Colonel	Palmer, G.
Lowther, Lord Viscount	Parker, M.
Lowther, J. H.	Patten, J. W.
Lucas, E.	Peel, Right Hon. Sir R.
Lushington, S. R.	Pelham, J. C.
Lygon, Hon. General	Pemberton, T.
Mackinnon, W. A.	Penruddocke, J. H.
Macleane, D.	Perceval, Colonel
Mahon, Lord Viscount	Pigot, R.
Manners, Lord C. S.	Plumptre, J. P.
Marsland, T.	Polhill, F.
Mathew, G. B.	Pollen, Sir J. W.
Maunsell, T. P.	Pollington, Lord Viscount
Maxwell, H.	Powell, Colonel
Meynell, Captain	Praed, W. M.
Miles, W.	Price, S. G.
Miles, P. J.	Pringle, A.
Miller, W. H.	Rae, Right Hon. Sir W.
Mordaunt, Sir J.	Reid, Sir J. R.
Neeld, J.	Richards, J.
Neeld, J.	Richards, R.
Nicholl, J.	Rickford, W.
O'Neil, Hon. J. B. R.	Robinson, G. R.
Ossulston, Lord	Ross, C.
Owen, Sir J.	Rushbrooke, Colonel
Owen, H. O.	Russell, C.
Packe, C. W.	Sanderson, R.

Sandon, Lord Viscount	Vivian, J. E.
Scarlett, Hon. R.	Wall, C. B.
Scourfield, W. H.	Walpole, Lord
Sheppard, T.	Walter, J.
Shirley, E. J.	Welby, G. E.
Sibthorp, Colonel	West, J. B.
Sinclair, Sir G.	Weyland, Major
Smith, A.	Whitmore, T. C.
Somerset, Lord G.	Wilbraham, Hon. B.
Stanley, E.	Williams, R.
Stanley, Lord	Williams, T. P.
Stewart, J.	Wodehouse, E.
Sturt, H. C.	Wood, Col. T.
Tennent, J. E.	Wortley, Hon. J. S.
Thomas, Colonel	Wyndham, W.
Thompson, Alderman	Wynn. Rt. Hon. C. W.
Trench, Sir F.	Yorke, E. T.
Trevor, Hon. A.	Young, J.
Trevor, Hon. G. R.	Young, Sir W.
Twiss, H.	
Tyrell, Sir J. T.	
Vere, Sir C. B.	
Verner, Colonel	
Vesey, Hon. T.	

Tellers.

Sir T. Freemantle.

Sir G. Clerk.

BRITISH AUXILIARY LEGION OF SPAIN.

A R M Y L I S T,

CORRECTED TO

1st APRIL, 1837.

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LEGION OF SPAIN.

Military Secretary's Office, 1st April, 1887.

Majors of Brigade.

MILITARY SECRETARY'S DEPARTMENT.

Military Secretary, Lt.-Col. G. F. Herman, Rifles.

Infantry.
—

ADJUTANT-GENERAL'S DEPARTMENT.

*Dep.-Adj.-Gen. Col. M. C. O'Connell,
R. I. Regt.*

*Dep.-Assist.-Gen. Major W. S. Clarke,
R. I. Regt.*

QUARTER-MASTER GENERAL'S
DEPARTMENT.

*1st Brigade.
Lt.-Col. Freestun,
4th Regt.*

*Dep.-Q.-M.-G. Colonel A. Jochmus,
8th Regt.*

*Deputy-Assistant-Q.-M.-G. Major J.
McIntosh, Rifles.*

*2nd Brigade.
Major Beckham, 1st
Regt.*

Cavalry.
—

*Deputy-Provost-Marshal, Capt. Thos.
Gorman, unattached.*

FIELD OFFICERS.

<i>Colonels.</i>	<i>Date.</i>
A. de Ramon y Carbonell - -	20th July, 1835.
A. D. Arbuthnott, <i>Com. Depot, and</i> <i>Chief Agent of Transports</i> -	26th Oct. "
†M. C. O'Connell, <i>R.I. Regt. D.A.G.</i>	11th July, 1836.
†A. Jochmus, <i>D.-Q.-M.-G. 8th Regt.</i>	20th Sept. "
†V. Lezama, <i>6th Regt. S.</i> - -	13th Oct. "
W. H. Jacks, <i>2nd Lancers</i> - -	9th Dec. "
Claud. Shaw, <i>Artillery</i> - -	20th Mar. "
T. Perronet Thompson, <i>M.P.</i> -	
<i>Honorary</i> - - - -	" " "
Charles Wetherall, <i>unattached</i> -	" " "
†M. Ross, <i>6th Regt.</i> - - -	" " "
†R. Cannan, <i>R. I. Regt.</i> - -	" " "
M. Fortescue, <i>Rifles</i> - - -	" " "
†W. Wakefield, <i>1st Lancers</i> -	" " "
<hr/>	
<i>Lieutenant-Colonels.</i>	
W. M. Slone, <i>unattached</i> -	16th Nov. 1835.
†W. F. Campbell, <i>4th Regt.</i> -	5th May, 1836.
†S. Shaw, <i>1st Regt.</i> - - -	" " "
F. C. Ebsworth, <i>4th Regt.</i> -	3rd Sept. "
†G. Hogg, <i>8th Regt.</i> - - -	12th " "
†J. Boyd, <i>Rifles</i> - - - -	" " "
Smyth de Burgh, <i>S.</i> - - -	20th " "
†P. Fitzgerald, <i>4th Regt.</i> -	" " "
†G. F. Herman, <i>M. S. Rifles</i> -	" " "
†W. L. Freestun, <i>S. 4th Regt.</i> -	1st Oct. "
†J. W. Wooldridge, <i>S. unattached</i>	" " "

FIELD OFFICERS—continued.

<i>Lieutenant-Colonels.</i>		<i>Date.</i>
†F. R. Clarke, <i>6th Regt.</i>	- -	1st Oct. 1836.
G. Fitch, <i>unattached</i>	- -	" " "
†G. M'Cabe, <i>R.I.</i>	- -	7th Feb. 1837.
J. Apthorpe, <i>Honorary</i>	- -	7th Mar. "
†J. Talbot, <i>1st Regt.</i>	- -	23rd " "
†P. Ramsay, <i>4th Regt.</i>	- -	" " "
†J. P. Meade, <i>S.—R.I.</i>	- -	" " "
W. H. Wilson, <i>8th Regt.</i>	- -	" " "

<i>Majors.</i>		
†W. N. Bull, <i>1st Regt.</i>	- -	5th May, 1836.
†W. Shields, <i>8th Regt.</i>	- -	" " "
†R. Hamilton, <i>9th Regt.</i>	- -	" " "
†W. H. Fitzgerald, <i>R.I. Regt.</i>	- -	" " "
J. W. Newcombe, <i>Rifles</i>	- -	" " "
†D. Durie, <i>Rifles</i>	- -	19th " "
W. Martin, <i>2nd Lancers</i>	- -	11th June, "
W. S. Clarke, <i>S.—R.I.</i>	- -	13th " "
†T. Shepperd, <i>R.I.</i>	- -	1st July, "
C. Cumberlege, <i>1st Lancers</i>	- -	" " "
†H. Lyster, <i>4th Regt.</i>	- -	20th Sept. "
C. Galway, <i>R.I.</i>	- -	" " "
T. Humphrey, <i>Engineers</i>	- -	" " "
†J. Shaw, <i>6th Regt.</i>	- -	25th " "
†R. Atkyns, <i>Rifles</i>	- -	1st Oct. "

FIELD OFFICERS—continued.

<i>Majors.</i>	<i>Date.</i>
†E. F. Brennan, <i>R.I.</i> - - -	1st Oct. 1836.
†E. Parke, <i>R.I.</i> - - -	" " "
†Thomas Askey, <i>4th Regt.</i> - - -	" " "
†J. M'Intosh, <i>Rifles</i> - - -	" " "
T. MacLaine, <i>4th Regt.</i> - - -	" " "
†C. Wood, <i>6th Regt.</i> - - -	" " "
W. Peyton, <i>unattached</i> - - -	30th Dec. "
E. Stephenson, <i>1st Lancers</i> - - -	5th Jan. 1837.
R. Baker, <i>1st Lancers</i> - - -	25th March, "
†E. Sheppard, <i>Rifles</i> - - -	" " "
K. Murray, <i>S. 8th Regt.</i> - - -	" " "
†P. Allez, <i>R.I.</i> - - -	" " "

CAVALRY.

1st Regiment—The “*Reina Isabel*” (*Lancers*).

<i>Lieut.-Colonel.</i>	<i>Cornets.</i>
W. Wakefield, <i>Col.</i> 15th Sept. 1836.	Robert Henderson, 11th Apr. 1836.
	H. Byam, 11th Apr. 36.
<i>Major.</i>	J. Hely, 19th July, 36.
C. Cumberlege, 1st July, 36.	C. Walker, 1st Oct. 36.
<i>Captains.</i>	<i>Pay-Master.</i>
E. Stephenson, <i>Bt.-Maj.</i> 1st July, 35.	Wm. Laurie, <i>Capt.</i> 1st July, 35.
R. Baker, <i>Bt.-Maj.</i> 1st July, 35.	<i>Adjutant.</i>
F. Hogreve, 5th July, 36.	H. Disney, <i>Lt.</i> 6th Nov. 36.
C. Jennings, 25th Aug. 36.	<i>Riding-Master.</i>
J. Hanson, 8th Oct. 36.	<i>Quarter-Master.</i>
<i>Lieutenants.</i>	E. Casey, 23rd Sept. 36.
E. Moore, 26th Aug. 35.	<i>Surgeon.</i>
Baron Stutterheim, 26th Oct. 35.	W. Lardner, 1st July, 35.
A. Middleton, 1st Dec. 35.	<i>Assistant-Surgeon.</i>
W. Partington, 5th July, 36.	— Daykin, 26th July, 36.
J. Stoddart, 3rd Sept. 36.	<i>Veterinary-Surgeon.</i>
W. Francis, 1st Oct. 36.	R. S. Bailey, 25th June, 36.
H. Disney, <i>Adjt.</i> 6th Nov. 36.	

Facings yellow.

CAVALRY.

2nd Regiment—The “*Queen’s Own Irish*”
(*Lancers*).

Lieut.-Colonel.
W. H. Jacks, *Col.*
31st July, 1835.

Major.
W. Martin, *Bt.-Lt.-Col.*
20th Mar. 36.

Captains.
H. Kensington,
27th Aug. 35.
I. G. Maturin,
31st Aug. 35.
I. Marsh, 29th Jan. 36.
J. R. Beevor, 9th Dec. 36.

Lieutenants.
W. Burke, 7th Aug. 35.
W. T. L. Travers,
7th Aug. 35.
T. Murphy, *R.M.*
11th Apr. 36.
W. Berry, *Adj.*
14th Apr. 36.
C. Courtney, 9th Dec. 36.
W. H. Ermatinger,
23rd Mar. 37.

Cornets.
Chidley Maloney,
31st July, 1835.
O’Connell Burke,
8th Mar. 36.
G. Hardman, 16th June, 36.

Pay-Master.
Lou. Lindo, 17th Oct. 35.

Adjutant.
W. Berry, *Lt.* 27th Dec. 35.

Riding-Master.
T. Murphy, *Lieut.*

Quarter-Master.
M. Nowlan, 11th Apr. 36.

Surgeon.
V. M’Swiney, 25th Sep. 36.

Assistant-Surgeon.
S. E. Piper, 21st May, 36.

Veterinary-Surgeon.
T. S. Beech, 4th Feb. 36.

Facings yellow.

INFANTRY.

1st Regiment.

Lieut.-Colonel.

S. Shaw, 20th Mar. 1837.

*Major.*P. Ramsay, *Bt.-Lt.-Col.*
5th May, 36.*Captains.*G. Talbot, *Bt.-Lieut.-Col.*
1st July, 35.W. N. Bull, *Bt.-Major*
1st July, 35.E. Beckham, *Bt.-Major, S.*
1st July, 35.

H. Linton, 27th Dec. 35.

C. Townley, *Bt.-Major, S.*
25th Sept. 36.

A. Harris, 27th Sept. 36.

F. Durie, 16th Dec. 36.

E. Knight, *S.* 23rd Mar. 37.

D. Allez, 1st Apr. 37.

F. Hornsby, 1st Apr. 37.

*1st Lieutenants.*D. Kelly, *Capt.*
25th Sept. 36.

J. Rae, 5th Aug. 36.

J. M. Stratruesteguy,
8th Aug. 36.

C. W. Palmer, 20th Aug. 36.

W. Stapleton,
18th Sept. 1836.A. W. Letamundi,
1st Apr. 37.

W. G. Pierce, 1st Apr. 37.

P. Dupont, 1st Apr. 37.

2nd Lieutenants.

— Gregg, 20th Sept. 37.

A. Lawson, 19th Oct. 37.

W. Phillips, 19th Oct. 37.

J. Richardson, 1st Apr. 37.

*Pay-Master.*C. S. Bedford, *Capt.*
5th Sept. 35.*Adjutant.*D. Kelly, *Capt.*
13th Oct. 36.*Quarter-Master.*

A. Ball, 31st Mar. 37.

Surgeon.

J. K. Walter, 16th Jan. 36.

Assistant-Surgeon.

J. Kirkwood, 16th Nov. 36.

Facings yellow.

4th Regiment, or, "Westminster Grenadiers."

Lieut.-Colonel Charles Chichester, *Brig.-General*,
20th June, 1835.

Lieutenant-Colonels.

W. F. Campbell,
5th May, 1836.
F. C. Ebsworth,
3rd Sept. 36.

Majors.

P. Fitzgerald, *Bt.-Lt.-Col.*
25th Apr. 36.
J. Ellis, 18th Sept. 36.

Captains.

W. L. Freestun, *Bt.-Lieut.-Colonel*, S. 3rd July, 35.
H. Lister, *Bt.-Major*,
16th July, 35.
N. Cooke, 19th Oct. 36.
T. Askey, *Bt.-Major*,
3rd Jan. 36.
G. M'Donald, 5th May, 36.
G. MacLaine, *Bt.-Major*,
10th July, 36.
W. Cotter, 1st Oct. 36.
J. O. Sullivan, 22nd Mar. 37.
J. Courtney, 22nd Mar. 37.

1st Lieutenants.

J. C. Gregg, 17th May, 36.
S. L. Dustin, 23rd July, 36.
J. Firmin, 23rd July, 36.
— Irwin, 10th Aug. 36.

C. G. Hodgson,
11th Nov. 1836.

I. B. Sparrow,
24th Nov. 36.

C. J. Johnson, *Bt.-Capt.*
6th Feb. 37.

I. M'Intosh, 22nd Mar. 37.
H. Brockwell, 23rd Mar. 37.

2nd Lieutenants.

— O'Brien, 24th Feb. 36.

C. Morris, 15th June, 36.

— Lister, 15th June, 36.

G. S. Siems, 8th July, 36.

J. Ives, 17th July, 36.

F. Elliot, 23rd July, 36.

— O'Connor, 8th Oct. 36.

J. Brown, 24th Nov. 36.

Pay-Master.

Thos. Edwards, *Capt.*
3rd July, 35.

*Adjutant.**Quarter-Master.*

W. Baldwinson,
15th June, 36.

Surgeon.

— Kearns, 24th Aug. 35.

Assist.-Surgeons.

Facings white.

6th Regiment, or "*Scotch Grenadiers.*"*Lieut.-Colonels.*

Malcolm Ross, *Col.*
13th May, 1836.
F. R. Clarke, 23rd Mar. 37.

Majors.

J. Hamilton, 20th Sept. 36.
John Shaw, 25th Sept. 36.

Captains.

V. Lezama, *Bt.-Col.*
15th July, 35.
C. Wood, *Bt.-Major*,
22nd Sept. 36.
P. Mackellar, *Bt.-Major*,
5th May, 36.
— Larkham, 25th Sept. 36.
W. Foster, 27th Jan. 37.
M. Dellamere, 17th Feb. 37.

1st Lieutenants.

R. M'Leod, 19th May, 36.
W. Nettleship, 8th Oct. 36.
W. Morgan, 8th Oct. 36.
M. Ridge, *Adj.* 8th Oct. 36.
J. O'Neil, 27th Jan. 37.
J. Robbins, 17th Feb. 37.
J. Light, 17th Feb. 37.

2nd Lieutenants.

J. Scott, 25th Oct. 1835.
G. Stewart, 9th Dec. 35.
J. Tinson, 23rd Mar. 37.

Pay-Master.

John Drummond, *Capt.*
4th July, 35.

Adjutant.

M. Ridge, *Lt.* 17th Feb. 37.

Quarter-Master.

G. A. Howitt, 12th May, 36.

Surgeon.

J. Bayne, 23rd Mar. 37.

*Assist.-Surgeon.**Volunteer.*

T. Carr, 9th Mar. 37.

8th Regiment.—“ *Highlanders.*”*Lieut.-Colonels.*

G. Hogg, 17th Feb. 1837.
 A. Jochmus, *Non-eff.*
 1st Mar. 37.

Majors.

W. H. Wilson, *Bt.-Lt.-Col.*
 20th May, 36.
 W. Shields, 17th Feb. 37.

Captains.

H. Dalrymple, 11th July, 36.
 F. Lyster, 22nd Aug. 36.
 A. C. Robertson,
 20th Sept. 36.
 R. Shields, 21st Jan. 37.
 K. Murray, *Bt.-Major*,
 2nd Aug. 36.
 P. R. Roberts, 16th Mar. 37.

Lieutenants.

J. Roche, 10th July, 36.
 R. O'Driscoll, 10th July, 36.
 A. Forbes, *Adj.-Bt.-Capt.*
 10th July, 36.
 J. B. Cooke, 4th Mar. 36.
 W. Butler, 19th Feb. 37.
 J. Goldriske, 23rd Feb. 37.

Ensigns.

— Hart, 23rd Aug. 1836.
 G. F. Price, 23rd Aug. 36.
 J. Fragoes, 6th Feb. 37.
 A. Durkan, 10th Feb. 37.

Pay-Master.

J. Kymer, *Capt.*
 8th Aug. 35.

Adjutant.

A. Forbes, 11th Dec. 36.

Quarter-Master.

H. Groom, 15th Sept. 36.

Surgeon.

W. Murphy, 21st May, 36.

Assist.-Surgeon.

E. Healey, 21st May, 36.

Facings red.

CONSOLIDATED ROYAL IRISH.

Lieut.-Col. Fitzgerald, Brig.-General, 15th July, 1835.

Lieut-Colonels.

M. C. O'Connell, *Col. non-off.*
19th July, 35.

R. Cannan, *Col.*
26th May, 36.

Majors.

T. Shepperd, 1st July, 36.

J. McCabe, *Lieut-Col.*
7th Feb. 37.

E. Brennan, 22nd Jan. 37.

Captains.

W. H. Fitzgerald, *Bt. Maj.*
16th July, 35.

C. Galwey, *Bt.-Maj.*
16th July, 35.

J. P. Meade, *S. Bt.-Lt.-Col.*
16th July, 35.

J. C. Holmes, 5th Oct. 35.

E. Parke, 15th Dec. 35.

J. B. Street, 12th Jan. 36.

T. O'Dell, 5th May, 36.

Allez, *Bt.-Maj.*

S. Clarke, *Bt.-Maj.*

14th June, 36.

eehan, 1st July, 36.

May, 36 Wright, 12th Aug. 36.

E. Mockler,

22nd Aug. 36.

eeogh, 1st Mar. 37.

Lieutenants.

May, 36 Connor, *Bt.-Capt.*

12th Jan. 36.

parrow, 5th May, 36.

A. Fitzgerald, 1st July, 36.

H. O'Donnell, 28th July, 36.

W. F. Mandeville,

12th Aug. 36.

T. Morris, 24th Aug. 36.

H. Fitzgerald, 13th Aug. 36.

J. O'Neale, 11th Nov. 36.

R. Gubbins, 11th Nov. 36.

T. C. Bunnett,

27th Nov. 36.

T. Lambe, 27th Nov. 36.

Ensigns.

J. P. Bezant, 18th Mar. 36.

S. Chadwicke,

15th June, 36.

— Lynch, 28th July, 36.

— Orme, 19th Aug. 36.

J. Carmody, 2nd Oct. 36.

P. Kelly, 17th Nov. 36.

Pay-Master.

R. Meagher, *Capt. Acting.*

8th Jan. 36.

Adjutant.

P. Allez, *Bt.-Maj.*

Qr.-Master.

I. Smith, 5th Mar. 37.

Surgeon.

T. D. Maybury,

1st Mar. 36.

Assist.-Surgeons.

M. O'Connell, 19th July, 35.

G. A. Plunkett,

12th Oct. 35.

RIFLE CORPS.

Lieut.-Colonel.

M. Fortescue,
25th May, 36.

Majors.

J. Boyd, *Lieut-Col.*
5th May, 36.
David Durie, 27th May, 36.

Captains.

G. F. Herman, *M.S. Lt.-Col.*
11th July, 35.
J. W. Newcombe, *Bt.-Maj.*
11th Oct. 35.
R. Atkyns, 15th Dec. 35.
G. Jeffries, 5th May, 36.
J. McIntosh, *Bt.-Maj. S.*
5th May, 36.
E. Sheppard, *Bt.-Maj.*
27th May, 36.
R. Durie, 15th Oct. 36.
J. Boyd, 13th Aug. 36.
R. Bowden, 23rd Sept. 36.
E. Burridge, 23rd Sept. 36.

1st Lieutenants.

— O'Brien, 23rd July, 36.
W. Hook, 12th Aug. 36.
R. T. Townshend, *Adj.*
12th Aug. 36.
T. Barker, 22nd Aug. 36.
— Phelan, 23rd Sept. 36.
T. Haslam, 26th Dec. 36.

— M'Dermott, 23rd Oct. 36.
M. Ximines, 5th Jan. 37.
J. Ebbs, 1st Feb. 37.

2nd Lieutenants.

P. J. Wheat, 17th Mar. 36.
J. Davis, 21st Aug. 36.
T. Kenny, 23rd Sept. 36.
— Boxer, 10th Oct. 36.
— Ludorice, 10th Oct. 36.

Pay-Master.

W. Burt, *Capt.*
12th Aug. 35.

Adjutant.

T. T. Townshend, *Lieut.*
8th Oct. 36.

Qr.-Master.

A. McDuff, 18th July, 36.

Surgeon.

G. Duplex, 28th Oct. 35.

Assist.-Surgeons.

A. King, 1st Jan. 36.
J. Mahony, 21st May, 36.

Green—Facings red.

ARTILLERY.

Lieut.-Colonel.

Claudius Shaw, Col.
8th Sept. 35.

Captains.

E. Howe, 25th Feb. 36.
J. Wade, 25th Oct. 36.

1st Lieutenants.

J. H. Hamilton, Bt.-Capt.
25th Feb. 36.
B. Bagley, 1st April, 36.
T. Muttlebury,
8th April, 36.
W. H. Kenny, 1st Oct. 36.

2nd Lieutenants.

R. Skidd, 17th Oct. 36.
D. B. Shaw, 20th Dec. 36.

*Adjutant.**Quarter-Master.*

J. Clarke, 1st Jan. 37.

Surgeon.

T. H. Crosse, 12th Aug. 35.

Assist.-Surgeon.

J. Croft Roberts,
12th Aug. 35.

Assist.-Veterinary Surgeon.

Joaquin Briones,
17th Mar. 36.

J. Lazenby, in charge of
Stores of Artillery and
Depôt, Woolwich,
9th Oct. 35.

*Field Train.**Assist.-Commissary and
Paymaster.**Deputy Assist.-Commissary.*

W. Weale, 31st May, 36.
H. Reeves, 17th Oct. 36.
J. W. Collins, 6th Nov. 36.
O. T. Maudsley,
6th Nov. 36.
— Bishop, 6th Nov. 36.

Clerks of Stores.

C. Sidley, 14th June, 35.
G. Fenwick, 7th Aug. 35.
G. Ayngé, 31st May, 36.
C. Rogerson, 31st May, 36.
J. Bennett, 18th Oct. 36.

Blue—Facings red.

ENGINEERS.

<i>Major</i> Humphrey	-	-	-	11th Sept. 1835.
<i>Capt.</i> Hornbrooke	-	-	-	1st Oct. 1836.
<i>Lieut.</i> Reid	-	-	-	1st " "
<i>2nd Lieut.</i> Fryer	-	-	-	5th May, "

Commandant of Passages, Colonel Lezama.

DEPOT, SANTANDER.

<i>Commandant, Col.</i> A. Arbuthnott	.	26th Oct. 35.
<i>Acting Adjutant, 1st Lieut.</i> Stratruesteguy,		
<i>4th Regt.</i>	- - - - -	" " "
<i>Quarter-Master, 2nd Lieut.</i> Orme, <i>R.I. Regt.</i>		

UNATTACHED LIST.

<i>Lieut.-Colonel</i> Sloane, <i>Town Major of</i>		
<i>San Sebastian</i>	- - - - -	16th Nov. 1835.
<i>Lieut.-Col.</i> Wooldridge, <i>A.D.C.</i>	-	1st Oct. 1836.
<i>Bt-Lieut.-Col.</i> Smith de Burgh	-	20th Sept. "
<i>Bt.-Lieut.-Col.</i> Fitch, <i>Commandant of</i>		
<i>Puyo</i>	- - - - -	21st May, "
<i>Capt.</i> Chase, <i>attached to Artillery</i>	-	" " "
<i>Capt.</i> Gorman, <i>Dep. Provost Marshal</i>	-	16th Mar. 1837.
<i>Lieut.</i> Purzeski, <i>Cavalry Staff of Br.</i>		
<i>Gen. Santa Cruz</i>	- - - - -	23rd " "
<i>Surgeon</i> Rigg	- - - - -	
" Bunnett	- - - - -	
" M. G. Scott	- - - - -	29th " "
<i>Paymaster, Capt.</i> T. J. Wills, <i>late 2nd</i>		
<i>Regt.</i>	- - - - -	15th July, 1835.
<i>Bt.-Major</i> W. Peyton, <i>late 4th Regt.</i>	-	4th " 1837.
<i>Capt.</i> Byrne, <i>late 7th Regt.</i>	- - - - -	4th " 1835.

Surgeons unattached, with pay and allowances of
Assistant-Surgeons.

W. Lambton.		M. D. O'Connell.
W. H. Sholl.		William Docker.

MEDICAL DEPARTMENT.

Inspector-Gen. of Hospitals.

J. Callander, *M.D.*
4th Aug. 35.

Deputy Inspector-General of Hospitals.

Rutherford Alcock,
5th May, 36.

Assist.-Inspector of Hospitals.

H. J. Bunnett, *M.D.* 30th
Mar. 37, *but with the*
pay and allowance of
Staff-Surgeon.

Staff-Surgeons.

Alex. Taylor, *M.D.*
9th Aug. 35.

D. M. Davies,
22nd Aug. 35.

John Gannon, 1st Dec. 35.

A. M. à Beckett,
1st Jan. 36.

J. Dorset, 21st May, 36.

H. Wilkinson, 23rd Mar. 37.

— Johnson, 30th Mar. 37.

Staff-Assist.-Surgeons.

A. Belmont, 12th Oct. 35.

W. Cruikshank, 1st Jan. 36.

W. Hackett, 16th Feb. 36.

A. Dolce, 25th Mar. 36.

F. Dicker, 5th Sept. 35.

Hospital Assistants.

R. Hendley, 22nd Aug. 35.

H. B. Bunnett,
16th Nov. 35.

W. Smith, 25th Jan. 36.

J. Salamo, 21st May, 36.

— Jamieson, 10th Aug. 36.

— Palmer 9th Sept. 36.

W. Nutt, 1st Mar. 37.

*Purveyor of Hospitals.**Deputy Purveyor of Hospitals.*

Sydney Crocker,
25th Mar. 36.

Hospital Transport.

2nd Lieut. J. Smith,
25th Sept. 36.

Facings red.

 COMMISSARIAT.
Deputy-Commissary-Generals.

A. M. G. Faxardo	-	-	-	18th July, 1835.
Robert Grindlay	-	-	-	1st Aug. 1835.
C. Black	-	-	-	20th May, 1836.

Assistant-Commissary-General.

George Service	-	-	-	15th Feb. 1837.
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*Facings black velvet.**Chief Agent of Transports in Spain.*

Colonel Arbuthnott	-	-	-	1st Sept. 1835.
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Agent to the Legion,—Owen C. Edmond.

OFFICERS OF H. C. MAJESTY'S ARMY ATTACHED.

<i>Colonel R. De La Saussaye, to Quarter-</i>		
<i>Master-General's Department</i>	-	16th Mar. 1836.
<i>Major the Baron Burgoldt</i>	- -	1st Dec. 1835.
<i>Capt. Don José Calisto Serrano</i>	-	1st Jan. 1836.
<i>Inspector-General-in-Chief of all the Civil</i>		
<i>Departments of the Legion, Don Mateo</i>		
<i>Llanos</i>	- - - - -	1st Mar. 1836.
<i>Attached to Commissariat, Don José</i>		
<i>Eizmendi</i>	- - - - -	Nov. 1835.

ESTABLISHMENT IN THE UNITED KINGDOM.

<i>Acting Commandant, Col. C. Wetherall,</i>	15th Sept. 35.
<i>Assistant-Commissary-General, D. Ib-</i>	
<i>betson,</i>	- - - - - 17th Apr. 36.
<i>Paymaster of Invalids, Pensions, and</i>	
<i>Family Certificates, Owen C. Edmond:</i>	
<i>Office, No. 11, Great St. Helen's,</i>	
<i>Bishopsgate Street, London,</i>	- - 10th July, 35.

MEMBERS OF THE ROYAL AND MILITARY ORDER OF ST. FERDINAND.

Lieut.-General De Lacy Evans, Grand Cross.

3rd CLASS OF ST. FERDINAND.

Brigadier-General Charles Chichester.

2nd CLASS OF ST. FERDINAND.

Brigadier-General Charles L. Fitzgerald.

Colonels.

M. C. O'Connell, - - - *R. I. Regt.*

1st CLASS OF ST. FERDINAND.

Colonels.

*Alexander Arbuthnott, Commanding Depot
at Santander.*

A. Jochmus, S. A.-Q.-M.-C.

R. De La Saussaye, attached to Q.-M.-G.

V. Lezama, S. - - - 7th Regt.

Malcolm, Ross, - - - 6th "

M. Fortescue - - - Rifles.

R. Cannan - - - R. I.

Claudius Shaw - - - Artillery.

W. Wakefield - - - 1st Lancers.

W. H. Jacks - - - 2nd "

Inspector-General of Hospitals.

John Callander, M.D. - - -

Deputy Inspector-General of Hospitals.

Rutherford Alcock - - -

MEMBERS OF THE ROYAL AND MILITARY ORDER OF ST. FERDINAND—continued.

Lieutenant-Colonels.

Don Fernando Cotoner,	-	-	<i>A.D.C.</i>
W. F. Campbell	-	-	<i>4th Regt.</i>
S. Shaw	-	-	<i>1st „</i>
W. Martin	-	-	<i>1st „</i>
Don Ricardo Shelly	-	-	<i>A.D.C.</i>
Don Raphael Escudero	-	-	<i>„</i>
F. C. Ebsworth	-	-	<i>R. I. Regt.</i>
G. F. Herman, <i>S.</i>	-	-	<i>Rifles.</i>
J. W. Wooldridge, <i>S.</i>	-	-	<i>unattached.</i>
G. Hogg	-	-	<i>8th Regt.</i>
J. Boyd	-	-	<i>Rifles.</i>
P. Fitzgerald	-	-	<i>4th Regt.</i>
F. Clarke,	-	-	<i>6th „</i>
W. L. Freestun, <i>S.</i>	-	-	<i>4th „</i>
Smyth de Burgh, <i>S.</i>	-	-	<i>unattached.</i>
J. P. Meade, <i>S.</i>	-	-	<i>R. I.</i>
P. Ramsay	-	-	<i>4th Regt.</i>
George Talbot	-	-	<i>1st „</i>

Majors.

W. H. Fitzgerald	-	-	<i>R. I.</i>
M. Newcombe	-	-	<i>Rifles.</i>
William Shields	-	-	<i>8th Regt.</i>
Edgar Beckham, <i>S.</i>	-	-	<i>1st „</i>
R. Hamilton	-	-	<i>6th „</i>
T. Shepperd	-	-	<i>R. I.</i>
C. Cumberlege	-	-	<i>1st Lancers.</i>
J. Humphreys	-	-	<i>Engineers.</i>
D. Durie	-	-	<i>Rifles.</i>
W. N. Bull	-	-	<i>1st Regt.</i>
Thomas Askey	-	-	<i>4th „</i>
W. S. Clarke	-	-	<i>D.A.A.G.R I.</i>
E. Parke	-	-	<i>R. I.</i>

MEMBERS OF THE ROYAL AND MILITARY ORDER OF ST. FERDINAND—continued.

Majors—continued.

C. Galwey	-	-	-	-	<i>R. I.</i>
J. Shaw	-	-	-	-	<i>6th Regt.</i>
C. Wood	-	-	-	-	<i>6th „</i>
C. Atkyns	-	-	-	-	<i>Rifles.</i>
Baron de Burgoldt	-	-	-	-	<i>Spanish Army.</i>
J. McIntosh, <i>S.</i>	-	-	-	-	<i>Rifles.</i>
E. F. Brennan	-	-	-	-	<i>R. I.</i>
T. E. Maclaine	-	-	-	-	<i>4th Regt.</i>
P. Allez, <i>Adj.</i>	-	-	-	-	<i>R. I.</i>
P. McKellar	-	-	-	-	<i>6th Regt.</i>
E. Stephenson	-	-	-	-	<i>1st Lancers.</i>
Kent Murray	-	-	-	-	<i>8th Regt.</i>
C. Townley	-	-	-	-	<i>1st „</i>

Captains.

F. B. Street	-	-	-	-	<i>R.I.</i>
C. Jeffrey	-	-	-	-	<i>Rifles.</i>
N. Cooke	-	-	-	-	<i>„</i>
T. O'Dell	-	-	-	-	<i>R. I.</i>
Don Ignacio Gurrea	-	-	-	-	<i>A.D.C.</i>
R. Wright	-	-	-	-	<i>R.I.</i>
E. Howe	-	-	-	-	<i>Artillery.</i>
T. J. H. Chase	-	-	-	-	<i>unattached.</i>
José Calisto Serrano	-	-	-	-	<i>„</i>

Lieutenants.

T. Murphy	-	-	-	-	<i>2nd Lancers.</i>
John Courtney	-	-	-	-	<i>R.I.</i>
J. H. Hamilton	-	-	-	-	<i>Artillery.</i>
J. J. Sparrow	-	-	-	-	<i>R.I.</i>
J. O'Connor	-	-	-	-	<i>„</i>
W. Partington	-	-	-	-	<i>1st Lancers.</i>
F. C. Byrne	-	-	-	-	<i>R.I.</i>
H. O'Donnell	-	-	-	-	<i>„</i>
W. Muttlebury	-	-	-	-	<i>Artillery.</i>

MEMBERS OF THE ROYAL AND MILITARY ORDER OF ST. FERDINAND—continued.

Cornets, 2nd Lieutenants, and Ensigns.

F. H. Brockwell	-	-	-	-	-	4th Regt.
James M ^c Intosh	-	-	-	-	-	R.I.
C. Courtney	-	-	-	-	-	2nd Lancers.
O ^c Connell Burke	-	-	-	-	-	”

Paymaster.

Capt. D. Byrne	-	-	-	-	-	unattached.
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Quarter-Master.

D. Brookes	-	-	-	-	-	Artillery.
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† Attached to Field Officers' Names, denotes those present on the
5th of May, 1836.

OFFICERS TRANSFERRED TO INVALID ESTABLISHMENT, IN CONSEQUENCE OF WOUNDS, &c. RECEIVED IN THE SERVICE.

<i>Major</i> Thoreau	-	-	-	<i>Artillery.</i>
<i>Capt.</i> Oakley	-	-	-	<i>1st Lancers.</i>
<i>Lieut.-Col.</i> Wyatt	-	-	-	<i>8th Regt.</i>
<i>Capt. and Bt.-Major</i> Brew	-	-	-	<i>3rd "</i>
<i>Major</i> Reid	-	-	-	<i>7th "</i>
<i>Capt.</i> Duncan	-	-	-	<i>1st "</i>
" Arnold	-	-	-	" "
" Carnaby	-	-	-	<i>6th "</i>
" Butler	-	-	-	<i>7th "</i>
" Glazier	-	-	-	<i>8th "</i>
" Edge	-	-	-	<i>6th "</i>
" Deacon	-	-	-	<i>1st "</i>
" James	-	-	-	<i>4th "</i>
" Costello	-	-	-	<i>Rifles.</i>
" Thornton	-	-	-	<i>9th Regt.</i>
" McDonald	-	-	-	<i>6th "</i>
" Gardner	-	-	-	<i>8th "</i>
" Chadwicke	-	-	-	<i>4th "</i>
" Joyce	-	-	-	<i>10th "</i>
" De Backer	-	-	-	<i>6th "</i>
<i>Lieut.</i> Macnamara	-	-	-	" "
" Barker	-	-	-	<i>Rifles.</i>
" Treeve	-	-	-	<i>1st Regt.</i>
" Woods	-	-	-	<i>9th "</i>
" Burn	-	-	-	" "
" Dillon	-	-	-	" "
" Mount	-	-	-	<i>4th "</i>
" Hervey	-	-	-	<i>8th "</i>
" Stack	-	-	-	<i>9th "</i>
" Mackay	-	-	-	<i>7th "</i>
" Carter	-	-	-	" "
" O'Connell	-	-	-	<i>10th "</i>
" Hinbury	-	-	-	<i>Rifles.</i>
<i>Ensign</i> Kempe	-	-	-	<i>7th Regt.</i>
" Fyfe	-	-	-	<i>8th "</i>
<i>Staff-Surgeon</i> Barry	-	-	-	
<i>Quarter-Master</i> Bradford	-	-	-	<i>3rd Regt.</i>

RETIRED LIST.

<i>Br.-Gen.</i> J. G. Le Marchant	-	-	<i>A.G.</i>
" E. L. Godfrey	-	-	<i>8th Regt.</i>
<i>Col.</i> A. Cruise	-	-	<i>A.A.G.</i>
<i>Lieut.-Col.</i> J. Thompson	-	-	<i>1st</i> "
" H. Beckham	-	-	<i>7th</i> "
<i>Major and Bt.-Lieut.-Col.</i> Hicks	-	-	<i>1st</i> "
<i>Capt.</i> A. Landers	-	-	<i>7th</i> "
" A. Duncan	-	-	" "
" W. Phelan	-	-	" "
" H. T. Brown	-	-	<i>Rifles.</i>
" E. De Burgh	-	-	" "
" P. Harding	-	-	" "
" J. James	-	-	<i>4th Regt.</i>
" R. Fannin	-	-	<i>1st</i> "
" M. Rigg	-	-	" "
" — Kirby	-	-	<i>6th</i> "
<i>Lieut.</i> R. Glenney	-	-	<i>7th Regt.</i>
" A. Nugent	-	-	" "
" J. McNamara	-	-	" "
" T. Bell	-	-	<i>1st</i> "
" Adlum	-	-	<i>10th</i> "
<i>Ensign</i> Shore	-	-	<i>1st</i> "
" Grant	-	-	<i>10th</i> "
" W. Campbell	-	-	<i>7th</i> "
<i>Quar.-Master</i> Bennett	-	-	<i>1st</i> "
" Shea	-	-	<i>10th</i> "
" Robertson	-	-	<i>7th</i> "
<i>Assist.-Surgeon</i> W. Kirby	-	-	<i>7th</i> "
<i>Staff-Surgeon</i> Watson.			

At the Court at *St. James's*, the 10th day of *June*, 1835.

PRESENT,

The KING'S Most Excellent Majesty in Council.

WHEREAS by an Act passed in the fifty-ninth year of the reign of His late Majesty, King George the Third, intituled "An Act to prevent the enlisting or
 " engagement of His Majesty's subjects to serve in
 " foreign service, and the fitting out or equipping in
 " His Majesty's dominions vessels for warlike purposes,
 " without His Majesty's licence," it was enacted and declared, that if any natural born subject of His Majesty, his heirs and successors, without the leave or licence of His Majesty, his heirs or successors, for that purpose first had and obtained under the sign manual of His Majesty, his heirs or successors, or signified by Order in Council, or by Proclamation of His Majesty, his heirs or successors, and should take or accept, or agree to take or accept, any military commission, or should otherwise enter into the military service as a commissioned or non-commissioned officer, or should enlist, or enter himself to enlist, or should agree to enlist, or to enter himself to serve as a soldier, or to be employed or should serve in any warlike or military operation in the service of, or for, or under, or in aid of any Foreign Prince, State, or Potentate, or of any person exercising, or assuming to exercise, the

powers of Government in or over any foreign country, either as an officer or soldier, or in any other military capacity, or should, without such leave or licence as aforesaid, accept, or agree to take or accept, any commission, warrant, or appointment as an officer, or should enlist or enter himself, or should agree to enlist or enter himself, or serve as a sailor or marine, or to be employed or engaged, or should serve in and on board any ship or vessel of war, or in and on board any ship or vessel used or fitted out, or equipped, or intended to be used, for any warlike purpose, in the service of, or for, or under, or in aid of, any Foreign Power, Prince, State, or Potentate, or of any person exercising, or assuming to exercise, the powers of Government in or over any foreign country, or should, without such leave and licence as aforesaid, engage, contract, or agree to go, or should go, to any foreign state or country, or to any place beyond the seas, with an intent or in order to enlist or to enter himself to serve, or with intent to serve, in any warlike or military operation whatever, whether by land or by sea, in the service of, or for, or under, or in aid of, any Foreign Prince, State, or Potentate, or any person exercising, or assuming to exercise, the powers of Government in or over any foreign country, either as an officer or a soldier, or in any other military capacity, or as an officer, or sailor, or marine, in any such ship or vessel as aforesaid, although no enlisting money or pay or reward should have been, or should be in any of the cases aforesaid, actually paid to or received by him, or

by any person to or for his use or benefit,—in any or either of such cases every person so offending should be deemed guilty of a misdemeanour, and should be punishable by fine and imprisonment, as in the said Act is mentioned.

His Majesty, by and with the advice of his Privy Council, being desirous of enabling all persons to engage in the military and naval service of Her Majesty Isabella the Second, Queen of Spain, is pleased to order, and it is hereby ordered, that from and after the tenth day of this instant month of June, it shall be lawful for every person whomsoever to enter into the military or naval service of Her said Majesty as a commissioned or non-commissioned officer, or as a private soldier, sailor or marine, and to serve Her said Majesty in any military, warlike, or other operations, either by land or by sea, and for that purpose to go to any place or places beyond the seas, and to accept any commission, warrant, or other appointment from or under Her said Majesty, and to enlist or enter himself in such service, and to accept any money, pay, or reward, for the same :

Provided always, that the licence and permission hereby given shall be in force only for the term of two years from the said tenth day of June instant, unless by Order in Council, made in manner aforesaid, such period should be further extended.

WM. L. BATHURST.

CONDITIONS

Under which **BRITISH SUBJECTS** *will be admitted to the Service of* **HER CATHOLIC MAJESTY, DONNA ISABELLA THE SECOND, QUEEN OF SPAIN.**

- 1st. The time of Service to be for either one or two years, as may be preferred by the individual engaging to enter Her Majesty's Service.
- 2nd. The Pay and Allowances to be the same as in the English Service, according to the rank and employment of each individual.
- 3rd. This Force to be governed in conformity with the British Military Articles of War, and, in matters not connected with military discipline, by the laws and institutions of Spain, in all other circumstances.
- 4th. At the conclusion of the Service, each Officer to receive a compensation equal to the amount of pay of one-half the time of their respective Service, without prejudice to any further recompence which the Government may confer for special services, on the recommendation of the Commanding Officer of the Forces.
- 5th. The Amount of Bounty for each Recruit, on being attested in the Service of the Queen of Spain, will be two pounds sterling.
- 6th. Each Non-commissioned Officer and Private to receive, at the conclusion of their respective Service, a compensation equal to the pay of two, four,
s 3.

or six months, according to their conduct, at the discretion of their Commanding Officer.

- 7th. The compensations designated in the preceding Articles to be absolutely forfeited, in case any Officer or Private should be dismissed the Service, or retire from it without the sanction of the Commander of the Forces, unless on account of wounds or sickness.
- 8th. In case the Spanish Government should find it expedient to dispense with the services of any individual, he shall receive the compensation corresponding to his time of Service, as determined by the 1st, 4th, and 5th Articles.
- 9th. The wounded, invalids, and widows of those who may be killed in action, or die on actual Service, shall be entitled to the pensions corresponding to their respective ranks and employments, according to the Regulations of the British Army.
- 10th. In all other matters not herein detailed, the Rules and Regulations of the British Service will, as far as the cases admit, be adhered to.
- 11th. All the recommendations made by the Commander of this Force, in favour of the Officers and Soldiers of all ranks composing it, both during the War and after its conclusion, will be most favourably attended to by the Spanish Government.

On the part of the Spanish Government,
(Signed) MIGUEL DE ALAVA.

The foregoing is to be circulated to the Recruiting Establishments of Her Majesty ; the original, with the seal and signature of the Ambassador representing, at this Court, the Queen Donna Isabella, being in my possession.

(Signed) DE LACY EVANS.

Bryanstone Square,
22nd June, 1835.

THE British Legion in the Queen of Spain's service has been finally dissolved, in consequence, as its commander says, "of the culpable neglect, or the wilful malevolence, of the individuals appointed by the Spanish Government to superintend its equipment. To the eternal infamy of these persons, they allowed the men of the Legion to meet this inclement season, exposed in the lines, most of them barefooted, and many of them without any other covering to their nakedness than their great coats." Such is the statement of the sufferings of our countrymen, given by the commander, in a very eloquent and indignant "order of the day," in which he bears testimony to the unexampled patience, as well as the gallantry of the sufferers. The following is a copy of this document, issued by Brigadier-General O'Connell :—

GENERAL ORDER.

" ST. SEBASTIAN, Dec. 10.

" Fellow Soldiers,—I cannot allow the relationship which has existed between us to cease, without offering to you, in as strong terms as I can express, my unqualified admiration of the unparalleled devotion with which you have endured the no common share of privation and hardship which has fallen to your lot. I congratulate you that you have shown, not alone that daring courage in the field which is the marked characteristic of the British soldier, but that you have shown even more than his wonted patience under suffering.

“ The conflict in which we have been engaged has been to you more murderous than to the allies in whose ranks you fought: you were aware that, wounded or helpless, should you fall into the hands of the enemy, you had no mercy to expect; you knew that no barbarity would be wanting to heighten the sufferings of your last moments. You knew that many of your comrades had been treated with the ferocity only to be expected from the Indian savage; but your fearless step was ever quicker when it led to the enemy, and your shout the most heartfelt when called to the battle. Your privations I cannot call to mind without a thrill of indignation, in reflecting that many were imposed upon you, not by unavoidable necessity, but by the culpable neglect or the wilful malevolence of the individuals appointed by the Spanish Government to superintend your equipment. To their eternal infamy be it recorded, that they allowed you to meet this inclement season exposed in the lines, most of you barefooted, and many without other covering to your nakedness than your great coats. This cruelty, I repeat, was inflicted on you when the slightest exertion or good feeling might have remedied the evil. Your pay has been allowed to run with a long arrear; this was unavoidable, from the financial embarrassment of the Spanish Government, and would, I feel confident, have been cheerfully borne by you; but when accompanied by other acts of injustice and ill-treatment, it has given me an opportunity of dissolving the Legion, and of declaring your engagements with Spain at an end.

“Three months have elapsed since I claimed from the Minister of War the fulfilment of the 12th clause of your contract, and since then you have continued to perform with exactness, all the duties required from you. No determination from the Government in answer to my application has been communicated to me. I undertake to demand redress for an injustice offered to you, and I am met by an arbitrary order that a part of the force should lay down its arms. No assumption of illegal authority—no matter by what temporary authority it may be backed—shall induce me to desert your interests, and I will confidently appeal to our own government for such redress as the justness of your claims demand. No exertions of mine shall be wanting to advocate your rights; and as I am aware that threats have been held out to the corps of cavalry and artillery, that, in the event of their discontinuing to serve, they will forfeit their claim to gratuity, I boldly affirm, that such is not the case: on the contrary, you are entitled, by the 12th article of the contract of service, to all the advantages which would have accrued to you had your period of service extended to the 10th of June next. This clause was framed by me for your protection, and now for that purpose will I enforce its fulfilment.

“It now remains to me to add my warmest thanks to those officers who served under my command. I cannot express, in terms sufficiently strong to please myself, my feelings in regard to those whose generous assistance has materially contributed to enable me to

support the difficulties which have surrounded my situation.

“To Colonel Ross, Assistant Adjutant-General, to the officers of my personal staff, Colonels Herman and Freestun; to Colonel Clerk, Assistant Quartermaster-General, and to the Inspector-General of Hospitals, whose exertions have been unwearied, I feel deeply indebted. To Colonel Wooldridge, of the Rifle Battalion, I must particularly address my thanks. To Major Brennan, my extra Aide-de-Camp, whose devotion I have on several occasions admired—to each and all of these officers, I reiterate my obligations; and, in the peculiar circumstances which have preceded the dissolution of the Legion, I have doubly experienced their manly and unflinching support. To the officers commanding the corps of cavalry and artillery, although in most instances their services have been amongst the most valuable, I regret I cannot in this instance offer my thanks.

“Having thus promulgated in general orders the dissolution of the Legion, I avail myself of the same opportunity to exhort the officers and men to be guarded in their conduct, until the means of conveyance to their own country shall be provided for them, in order to give no opportunity for persecution.

“O’CONNELL.”

F I N I S.

LONDON :

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MS
MS

MAY 23 1934

